Reader's Digest

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NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JULY, 1930

25c a Copy $3.00 a Year

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Last month we asked for certain back issues of The Reader's Digest "to complete a number of additional bound volumes for office use."

Our files having been completed, no further copies will be purchased.

To Corporation Executives, and Directors of Welfare and Personnel:

When Mr. Walter A. Draper, President of the Cincinnati Street Railway, rode on one of his own lines the other day and talked with a conductor, he was set thinking along a line which has resulted in a stimulating project.

We believe the idea will appeal to other executives of vision, and hence we suggest that you do not overlook the story of Mr. Draper's experience, outlined on the back cover of this issue.

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC.
Pleasantville, New York

EDITORS

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Published Monthly, 25c a copy; $3.00 a Year (Foreign, $3.25)
Two-Year Subscription, $5.00 (Foreign, $5.50)
(No extra charge to Canada)

Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Pleasantville, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879
Additional entry at Post Office, Concord, N. H. Copyright, 1930, The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A., BY RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.

The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines, in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Ninth Year JULY 1930 Vol. 17, No. 99

Britannia Shares the Waves

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (June, '30)

Frank H. Simonds

Author of a "History of the World War" in five volumes; Foreign Editor, since 1914, of The Review of Reviews

IN Europe and among those who view contemporary events with a certain historical perspective, the signing of the Treaty of London is recognized as a circumstance of enduring importance despite the fact that the reductions hoped for were not achieved. In fact, it is viewed as the culminating incident in a series of events which have marked the rise of the United States to a position of power unequaled by any extra-European state in ancient or modern history.

Twenty years after the European world laughed at the gallant but feeble military forces of the United States engaged at San Juan Hill more than a million American soldiers were fighting in Lorraine and Champagne. And now, less than a dozen years after the Armistice, the greatest naval power on this planet has deliberately recognized the American claim to parity on the blue water.

What Europe recognizes in this treaty is that Britain has decided not to fight the United States to retain the position she has held for the last two centuries and a half. Europe perceives that the British people have declined to back any government in a race for naval supremacy with America; that not the London Conference, not even the Rapidan conversations, but the last general election in Britain decided the issue; that the Naval Conference merely embodied in a treaty the momentous decision already reached.

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Needless to say, this British decision has taken the European mind by surprise. In theory an Anglo-American war was as inevitable as the Anglo-German. Our demand for equality was a far more serious challenge than that of the German Emperor in 1900. Anglo-American prattling about the "unthinkable" war seemed to Europeans as absurd as the European forecasts of the inevitable collision seemed to Americans.

Now, instead of war, we have the Treaty of London, which amounts to the formal and final acceptance by the British people of an American fleet possessing proportions which automatically terminate British dominion over the Seven Seas.

Sooner or later there had to be a settlement of this Anglo-American issue. Thus the Treaty of London is not one more of the well-nigh innumerable little and big documents patched up in the post-war years to carry over immediate crises and give a semblance of confidence to alarmed peoples. In a sense I believe it to be far more significant than the Treaty of Versailles, which after all only ended a war and somewhat differently distributed relatively small patches of European soil. The Treaty of London is a division of the seas.

The British decision to share the waves was based upon several things. First of all, there was recognition of the fact that while the United States demanded parity, there was no American policy which would make our possession of an equal fleet a menace to British security or to the unity of the British Empire. In a word, the British decided that we were not building our fleet *against* them.

Secondly, there was the perception that the relative resources of the two countries insured that actual competition could only end in our triumph. We had become too rich. Nevertheless, I repeat, had the British believed that we were deliberately seeking to attack them, they would have grimly undertaken a race despite the odds against them. What I am trying to make clear is that while the material factor was very important, the moral one was decisive.

If the Briton had regarded American naval expansion as he visibly did French and Italian, I am sure he would have tightened his belt and shouldered all the odds a race with America must have involved. That he did nothing of the sort must be taken as the most interesting detail of the London Conference. Just after the unsuccessful Geneva Conference of 1927 John Bull was angry at the American pretensions to parity, and suspicious of the motives behind that demand.

Three years later, however, the change is complete. And I must say further that never, in the many times during and since the War when I have been in England, have I seen as little anti-American feeling, heard less criticism, seen on the whole a more satisfying public and private attitude toward my country.

Between the time when the Geneva Conference broke up in anger and the day when the London Conference assembled in a January fog, the British people made up their minds that Anglo-American rivalry was not only impossible from a British point of view looking to the future, but unnecessary when seen in the light of American purposes and policies. The question was no longer what America could do if it chose to strike a blow at Britain, but what American purpose was in a contemporary world.

Parity between Britain and ourselves means that neither can cross the Atlantic to make war upon the other. The 70 percent which Japan has achieved as her new ratio provides her with the power to bolt and bar the Open Door in the Far East. Her naval experts have figured that any American or British fleet coming to her sphere could be reduced by 30 percent in passage, and could then be fought on equal terms in Japanese waters. True, we hold Manila and the British hold Hongkong; but in resigning at Washington the right to fortify, and in allotting to Japan at London a new accession in relative strength, we occupy only subject to Japanese assent.

The three great naval powers of the planet have divided its waters; that is what London means practically. Each has accepted a naval status which makes it invincible at home and within the spheres which concern it vitally. Each has retained all the force requisite to carry out political policies, but each has resigned the power to operate in the other's sphere. That, briefly, is what the naval treaty means politically — and all it means. The approximate standard of relativity is to be 10-10-7.

If there were no other naval powers in the world, the standard could be absolute. But since there are France and Italy, Germany and Spain, to be thought of — all of which concern Britain — permission must go to the British to increase their naval strength whenever their supremacy in their own area is menaced. But that this permission may not disturb the state of balance between the three great powers, automatically each acquires permission to duplicate British construction to the extent of preserving the standard of relativity as agreed upon.

The Bristling Parapet of Peace

Condensed from The Century Quarterly (Spring '30)

George Adam

See note on inside back cover

PACTS and Protocols of Peace have been signed. The use of gas has been solemnly renounced by countries which nevertheless are manufacturing it in large quantities. War has been outlawed as an instrument of national policy. Yet there is a much greater feeling of insecurity in Europe today than there was even so late as the summer of 1914. It is only natural that in France such a feeling should be more apparent than in other great countries, for France by the circumstances of her victory, today finds herself in the painful position of seeing her splendor and her possessions increased beyond the possibility of her dwindling population and her corrupt political system maintaining the one or defending the other. Such a situation is calculated to arouse whatever lust for revenge, cupidity or desires for expansion may exist in neighboring countries.

Just as the fevered efforts to create peace machinery before 1914 — such as the Hague Conference, and disarmament propaganda of those days — were due to a world apprehension of the imminence of war, so today's Pacts and Protocols are more a symptom of the world's war-disease than they are likely to be a cure of a disorder which has left its traces in every kink of Europe's frontiers.

For weeks in 1914 the French, British and Belgian armies fought desperately to prevent the Germans breaking through in the north, before it occurred to some military genius that Vauban, the master fortification-engineer, must have had some reason for constructing a number of isolated works for the protection of certain canals, sluices and locks. It was discovered that Vauban had indeed had some purpose in mind in dotting this flat countryside, much of which lies below the level of the sea, with solid fortifications. Irrigation canals from five rivers had made that part of France one of the richest agricultural regions of the country. Vauban was the first to see to what defensive uses this system could be put. With it, he was enabled either by opening the sea-locks to flood the whole district with extreme rapidity, or by unleashing the river waters to bring about a slow but steady flooding of the area. The General Staff in 1914, when the battle for

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the Channel ports was nearly lost, opened the lock-gates of Nieuport, and within a very short time the German army was floundering in the mud and large sections of the front were protected by the rising waters.

In planning the new fortifications of France this system of water-armor has been adopted, in a perfected form. It will also be strengthened by works prepared in peace time which will make of the region a literal battlefield, liberally provided with nests of machine-guns and light quick-firing artillery. The defense of these rich industrial northern provinces is felt by military engineers to be of comparative ease.

The rest of the frontier would be easy enough to defend, walled in as it is by natural bulwarks, if it were not for the great gap to the south of Luxemburg. It is there between Metz and Thionville that lies the historic road of the invader. And there lies one of the chief treasures France possesses. By the irony of ignorance, when after 1870 the German conqueror laid down the new and shrunken frontiers of France, they left, a few miles on the French side of the line, a village called Briey, which subsequent discovery proved to be the center of one of the richest iron-fields of the world. This fell into German hands at the very outset of the 1914 war and its loss had a paralyzing effect on the whole industrial war effort of France. Now that Metz has again been restored to France, its defense becomes a possibility. The whole organization of French defenses, as now being carried out, is concentrated upon this region.

Vast works have already been begun which will make of the whole area comprising Metz, Thionville, Nancy and Toul an intensely fortified district. Each one of these towns, which before the war, was considered to be a great fortress now becomes but a portion of a country bristling with guns, seamed by trenches, honeycombed by gas-proof underground roads, each being as it were a bastion in the largest fortress yet conceived. Huge subterranean caverns are contemplated, in which the garrison of this countryside will be protected against the heaviest possible type of bomb or shell and the most insidious of the chemists' gas inventions. There will be electrical subways and elevators for the rapid movement of light and heavy artillery, as well as for the transport of troops.

Along the Rhine, work has already been put in hand for the construction of a continuous line of heavily-armored machine-gun nests, supported along the heights of the Vosges by a chain of small forts, linked up with each other

by miles of underground passages. Upon the Swiss frontier there will also be a few such forts and the necessary organization is already planned for the closing of the passes by the destruction and blowing up of roads and bridges.

The possibility that the expansive spirit of new Italy may lead to an explosion, has also been borne in mind. For some years past the Italians have been building and improving their roads toward the French frontier and they have also modernized and increased their fortresses in the Alps. The French have but little to fear in the Alps, which in themselves provide an adequate defense when strengthened by a few forts dominating the passes. It is along the road, so familiar to the Riviera visitor, that danger might come.

Around Nice, France is about to build the second of her great fortified areas. In this case it is in the interests of the two greatest provincial cities of France, Marseilles and Lyons.

The money for all these works, amounting to 3,000,000,000 francs has been voted by the French Parliament and it is stipulated that everything must be finished by 1935 at the latest. This choice of date is partly the outcome of the effect of war on the birth statistics of France. To begin with, her period of compulsory military service has been reduced from three years to one year, and what is infinitely more important is that in 1934 the lean years of her birth rate — caused by the absence of men at the front and by the casualty list — first will be felt. Instead of there being the normal 230,000 conscripts called to the colors there will only be 150,000. So the country finds itself in a vicious circle. It has to strengthen its fortifications because its man-power is reduced, and it may well be that the critics of the scheme are right when they say that there will not be enough men with sufficient technical training to be able to garrison the new system.

It is an irony of human procedure that at a time when throughout the world people are talking of peace, they are preparing all over Continental Europe to cope with a possible outbreak of war within the next ten years.

The Winded City

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (April 12, '30)

William G. Shepherd

Distinguished war correspondent and journalist; feature writer for Collier's

"SEEMS to me," said a man who has been in Cook County politics for 40 years, "that Chicago has got just seven words of advice to give to her sister cities: *Don't keep your tax assessments a secret.*"

This is a story of how Chicago politicians worked the tax trick.

Don't go wrong about Chicago. Foolishness and greed got her into trouble. But an equally important fact is that it's common sense which is pulling her out. You have read in the newspapers the stories of her empty treasury and of payless paydays for city employes. But this empty treasury is all part of one great bonfire of civic wrath that, through the past two and a half years, has been burning public officials and politicians out of their chairs in state, county or city government.

And don't go wrong, either, about who are the real bosses of Chicago. It is the precinct captains who rule Chicago. Even Mayor Bill Thompson gets his power from them. There's good money and great power in being a precinct captain. The *police* captain has less power over booze, gambling, prostitution and vice in Chicago than the *political* captain. But to hold down his job, a precinct captain must be able to get the right votes in the ballot box when they are needed. Two political parties in Chicago? No indeed — Republican and Democratic precinct captains work together against the decent elements in both parties, to get the right boys into office.

How, then, did these captains use the tax trick to get the right votes in the ballot boxes?

Not a single one of the 900,000 taxpayers had any easy way of finding out what real estate taxes his neighbor was paying. Taxes were a secret! And it was this secrecy that gave most of the 5962 precinct captains in Chicago the power over the votes they needed.

Imagine yourself owning a home or a business building in a certain precinct. Suppose the precinct captain decides that he needs your vote. He calls on you, or, perhaps, lets you know that he'd like you to call on him. You wonder why. You're not a bootlegger or a racketeer or a "landlady." No, but you are a taxpayer, and *he can reduce your taxes!*

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When your next tax bill comes in, it may be 25 or 50 percent lower. If you let "The Captain" do this favor for you, you're one of his votes in the precinct. He is "taking care" of you, a supposedly decent citizen, just as definitely as he "takes care" of the precinct gangsters. And, if you don't fall in with this arrangement, he can *raise* your taxes, too. It costs cold money, right out of the family pocketbook, where the meat, bread and coal money comes from, to oppose your district captain.

That's the way the game has gone in Chicago for the past 30 years. How this great secret of tax-fixing which spread into stores, office buildings, and homes, like a cancer spreading through a human body, came to light is one of the most astonishing stories in all the history of American municipalities.

The attack against the secret system began when a group of school teachers demanded less crowding in the schools, better buildings and higher wages for teachers. The politicians put them off by saying they didn't dare raise taxes.

"If you'll only get an out-in-the-open system of taxation, so that everyone will pay his full and fair share of taxes and take tax-fixing out of the hands of the politicians you'll have enough extra money for the schools without raising taxes," insisted the teachers.

"Those teachers are only crazy salary grabbers," answered the politicians, and many people believed them. The teachers couldn't *prove* that some citizens were paying very low taxes and others very high taxes.

It was not until 1927 that the teachers, under Margaret Haley, got enough support in their battle to enforce their demand. And in that year, working with other bodies of citizens too numerous to mention, got an extremely upsetting idea.

"Why not organize a committee of citizens," they asked, "to help our board of politically appointed tax assessors arrange the tax assessments for the next four years?"

It was done. All sorts of citizens joined the huge committee. It amounted to a rebellion. Real estate dealers, labor leaders, bankers, manufacturers, property owners, lawyers, doctors, college presidents, professors, economists, ordinary householders, joined in the great probing of Chicago's tax secret.

These citizens had to call in the power of the State of Illinois to get at the tax records. The governor helped them by calling a special session of the legislature. The tax lists were ordered published. Finally the tax nut was cracked; the kernel was putrid.

The taxes that each property owner had been paying were brought to light. You found that your neighbor, who lived in a house like your own, had been paying only $50 a year while you paid $500. And you saw who had been voting for corrupt politicians. Herbert D. Simpson, an expert from Northwestern University, and George O. Fairweather, of the University of Chicago, expertly gathered facts and put them together in charts and pictures so that the simplest-minded citizen could understand what had been done to him.

What a howl went up when the secret was out! Citizens stormed the Board of Review, consisting of three elected gentlemen who had helped to bring about the injustice. One hundred thousand demanded reduction, all at one time, before this board! The board actually stopped meeting; it broke down like an old wheelbarrow.

Forty thousand citizens went to law, refusing to pay taxes. "Let's get our assessments straightened out," was the demand of all property owners in Chicago. "Let's reassess the entire city and county."

And that's what experts have been doing for the past 20 months. And until the figures which they have arrived at are officially approved by the city and county taxing officials no citizen will receive his tax bill; and no taxes can be paid, of course, until the bills are issued. The city and county have now gone two years without receiving any taxes.

But the biggest part of the change is that the precinct captain will hereafter keep his hands off tax-fixing. This may result in crippling the precinct captain. Hereafter, by law, open records will be kept, available to every citizen. Each piece of property will be designated, not by the old-fashioned system of lot, block and plot, but by street address.

Perhaps you think the precinct captain is a Chicago product. Not at all. If you live in one of the great cities there are precinct captains in your district. If you live in one of the smaller towns, the local politician will be a ward captain. Are the tax lists published in your town, annually, by house address, with the value of the land and the building, so that anyone may know exactly what taxes are paid by each taxpayer?

Probably not. Such publicity prevails in only a few large cities: Cleveland, New York, St. Paul and now Chicago are examples.

In towns where there is no such publicity and where there are politicians — well, look at Chicago!

Safety for Workers—for Employers, Profits

Condensed from World's Work (June, '30)

Inis Weed Jones

JUST as the past century and the early part of this will always stand out in industrial history for their blind disregard of human life, so the rest of this century will be characterized by its efforts to humanize industry.

Clarence Darrow once said, "You cannot create a revolution. Neither can you stop one when it is due."

The increasing size of plants, the advent of enormously complicated machines, the speeding up to greater and ever greater tensity, the more exacting coördination required — all these presented hazards faster than men could meet them. Each year more men added to our army of cripples, each year more men added to our battalions of dead from preventable accidents.

Our grief over our war dead is still poignant; but how many of us realize that in the past ten years we have sacrificed twice as many of our people in industry as we did in the World War? No gravely reverent officials, however, pin gold stars on the mothers of these lost sons.

It was Mr. Albert Whitney, an officer of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, who gave voice to a revolutionary idea. "I am convinced," he said, "that safety is a by-product of efficiency. I believe that a wide survey of those plants with the best safety records will show that they are the shops with the lowest cost of production. Industrial safety proceeds from the perfect functioning of a plant."

Mr. Whitney conferred with the members of the American Engineering Council about the deep conviction of students of industry that the most efficient shops are the safest shops. If this principle could be proved beyond dispute he believed a profound change in safety work could be effected that would gradually get control over the appalling accident rate.

The engineers had a dinner and discussed the matter. It was there that Sidney J. Williams, one of the outstanding figures in safety engineering, made a comparison that has become a classic. "An accident in a plant," he said, "is only the spectacular evidence of some underlying maladjustment. Suppose a box falls off a loaded truck and kills a man. For every

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such instance there will be a hundred times when a box falls off without hurting or killing anyone, but that means a hundred truck delays, a hundred readjustments of the load, and many broken boxes."

To prove the soundness of this new principle, of which the engineers were also convinced, Mr. Whitney secured from his bureau of insurance underwriters a fund of $25,000 for the engineers to make a careful study of over 1000 industrial plants employing several million men. The test was conclusive: the most efficient shops are the safest shops.

Let us turn now to the proof of the pudding. We learn that the Clark Thread Company, with nearly 5000 employes, has a record of nearly 10,000,000 man hours per accident; that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, with its nearly 70,000 employes, has cut its accident rate in half; that the United States Steel Corporation has reduced its accident rate 86 percent and the International Harvester Company 76 percent; that the Union Pacific Railroad — generally considered our most efficient system — has achieved a safety record for its shop employes five times as favorable as the average of the other large railway systems; that one Du Pont plant with 350 employes went seven years with only one accident and that a minor one.

None of these plants had found, as had once been supposed might be the case, that protection for the workers costs more. Quite the contrary. The Buick Motor Company, after five years' safety work, found that it had saved $300,000 and protected between two and three thousand men. The American Smelting Company decreased its former accident rate 76 percent and found it had saved nearly $2,000,000. The United States Steel Corporation figures the return on its safety investment at the impressive sum of $5,000,000!

As a result of the survey it was found that in 685 of the best plants accident frequency and accident severity are decreasing. They represent 90 percent of the shops employing 1000 or more men. Safety work has taken firm root at the top.

However, great as are the direct medical and insurance savings through accident control, the indirect savings bulk larger. Mr. H. W. Heinrich, of the Travelers Insurance Company, astonished the heads of many industrial plants when he came out with the statement that the indirect losses from accidents are four times as great as the direct losses. This he has ascertained by an analysis of 5000 cases taken from the files of his company.

Take a minor case. Henry Hooper was busy on a rush order

when his hand was injured by a circular saw. Now the medical and insurance costs were only $80 — but look at the incidental costs! His lost time was figured at $62.50; the lost time of other employes who stopped work, either to help Henry or through curiosity, cost $50. The lost time of the foreman and superintendent amounted to $47; for them the time involved not merely rushing to the aid of the injured worker but breaking in a new man, investigating the cause of the accident, making out an accident report, and possibly attending a hearing before the labor commission.

In addition to these losses a pattern had been ruined that cost $86. The value of the work and material for the customer's order, which was canceled as a result of the delay, was $44. Then the injured man was taken back at full pay, when the value of his work was worth but $10 a week, at a loss of $90. Thus the incidental costs came to $379.50, or over four times the direct cost.

Mr. Heinrich has presented here only the actual incidental costs of accidents; but there is another factor to be considered, that of fear. When the Moccasin Power Plant was building a big surge-chamber 40 feet wide and 160 feet deep out in California, the work kept going slower and slower. Figure for yourself just how you would feel working either at the bottom of that pit (where timbers might fall on you) or at the top with that sheer drop below. You would move with catlike caution. As a safety device a net was stretched across the chamber to catch any falling men or timbers. Their fear having been removed, the men were able to work naturally, and the labor cost was cut 20 percent.

The operation of presses has been and still is in some plants a notoriously dangerous occupation; fingers, sometimes whole hands being lost. Mr. August L. Kaems, of the Simmons Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, tells of safety methods for operating their presses that gave them a record of four years without a finger lost. He says, "Our experience has been that whenever we made a job safe we increased production 15 to 150 percent."

Generally speaking it is the large plants that have discovered the savings and profits inherent in accident prevention. The small fellows haven't yet learned that safeguards pay; when they do, watch them scramble into line!

I fear many of us rise to our moral obligations somewhat heavily. But with what alacrity would we hasten to do our duty if it were going to bring us a balance on the right side of the ledger! Thus we shall see most of the things done by business that used to be done by humanitarians.

On Keeping Young

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (June, '30)

Francis G. Peabody

Author of "A New England Romance," "The Church of the Spirit," etc.

WHAT is it that keeps one young when he is growing old? What are the effective ways of postponing surrender to the decrepitude of age?

First I should name the cultivation and maintenance of friendships. "A man, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "should keep his friendships in constant repair." A busy man or woman in the full swing of professional or domestic cares is likely to fancy that these affairs must come first and that friendship must wait; but when one reaches old age he may find that in gaining the world he has lost his friends, and — to paraphrase Scripture — what shall a man give in exchange for his friends? Friendship cannot be improvised or delayed until leisure arrives. It must be cultivated with care, and even with the sacrifice of what seem more pressing obligations. It must be kept in repair, or it will become irreparable.

If old age must necessarily involve the loss of old friends, one way to keep young is to make friends of the young. This does not mean that an old man should pretend to be young, or try to keep pace with young people. Nothing is more repulsive than an old man with the habits or language or vices of a young man. But, on the other hand, there is often a reciprocal happiness found when old men appreciate the activities of youth and young men respect the experience of age. Young people at the present time are likely to seem to old people lacking in reverence, amusingly defiant of tradition, and as undisguised in frankness as the nudity of the bathing beach. The old man who would keep young must be sure that human nature remains much the same from generation to generation; that each new generation faces a new world and must be trusted to re-create it; that one who is building a modern skyscraper must be permitted to wreck what seemed substantial structures; and that Greek girls could be modest though their legs were bare. To appreciate the new world in its making is one of the greatest privileges of age. Sympathetic confidence in the underlying motives of the young may both win their devotion and keep oneself young.

It must be admitted, however, that old age cannot find its chief resource in companionship.

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Friends of one's own age are withdrawn into the mystery of death, and life becomes shut away from new friends by limitations of strength and energy. Growing old is in the main an experience in solitude. How shall one keep young when he is thus alone?

One of the resources which keep a lonely old age from spiritual decline is the companionship of books. Increasing leisure and physical limitations may easily tempt one to relax intellectual interest, and to be satisfied with two newspapers a day and the frivolous literature of current events. That is a sign that one is growing old, and not keeping young. Intellectual resiliency depends upon keeping the spiritual muscles taut by exercise, and this must be accomplished by stiff and substantial reading on subjects of generous intention and spiritual interest.

The best of exercise is the mastery of a new subject or of a congenial subject hitherto casually pursued — the history of an art, the details of a history, the understanding of a technical discovery, the progress of a science, the new poetry, the new aspects of religion. To know one's subject better than most people is not only to justify self-respect, but also to grow younger in spirit as one grows older in years.

A similar resource is offered to those who have felt in themselves a vague inclination for self-expression, in literature or poetry or art, but have been overmastered by the demands of business or the cares of home. Old age is not only a good time to read poetry, but a time for furtive attempts at writing the verses which have been so long suppressed; a good time, not to paint good pictures, but to give at least the little latent talent a chance for modest and closely guarded expression. Few uses of leisure hours are more entertaining than this surreptitious enjoyment in production, or in cultivating beauty in phrase or color or form.

It is not only possible to cheer one's solitude by the companionship of literature and art, but this self-discipline may be greatly stimulated by the peculiar joy of the collector. It makes no great difference what the material collected may be. A rich man may choose illustrated manuscripts or Chinese jade; but a poor man may find equally absorbing interests in chasing the first editions of a modern author, or in applying his expert knowledge to acquire at slight cost a precious chair or bowl or battered book. The exhilaration of such a chase is almost athletic in its excitement. A new range of acquaintances opens with other sportsmen of similar tastes. The new hunting field may be the easy-chair, but

the collector's passion outlives all hunting with horse and hounds.

A further resource of age, which may be called the obverse of the habit of collecting, is to be found by prosperous people in the habit of distributing. Money-getting is so absorbing a pursuit that many men who succeed in it find that they have nothing to do with what they get. Their wealth becomes, as Ruskin said, their "illth," for it is not well but ill with them. They grow old with riches, but without enrichment. Here enters the happiness of long-continued concern with large causes of philanthropy or political reform or social welfare. The discovery that the distribution of money is more interesting and more challenging to wisdom than the making of money, gives to old age among the rich a new chance of keeping young.

Through these reflections one is led, as if by an ascending and winding path, from companionship and friendship up to books and creative tastes, and again to the collecting of treasures and the distribution of them, until at last one reaches the high region of experience where rational religion reveals itself as the guide of life. In commending religion as a resource of old age I do not, of course, mean that its chief function is to prolong life, as one employs a stick or a crutch to steady one's tottering steps. Rather it is the experience of serenity and confidence, derived from lifelong and constant conviction of a friendly and beneficent Universe.

It must be admitted that this is not the influence exerted by some types of religion on advancing age. If religious faith has been accepted as a passive submission, leaving to some higher Power the vicarious task of establishing justice and promoting progress; if one has been bred, under a teaching of human helplessness, to cast himself as a worthless offering before the Mercy Seat — then the influence of religion on old age may be rather one of preparation for death than of renewal of life.

But if religious faith be the courage of a child of God, a brave venture of the spirit reënforced by a beneficent Universe, then it has in it a perennial healthfulness and vigor which give to one who is growing old in body a renaissance of heart and will. The maxim of inhibitive religion is "Prepare to die!" The maxim of venturesome and rational religion is "Prepare to live!" The one type of religion faces an open grave; the other faces an open door. This religious faith is the final resource which gives to old age that serenity and cheerfulness which keep the human spirit young.

Our Nickelodeon Athens

Condensed from The North American Review (June, '30)

Hugh Torbert

THERE are four fundamental reasons why the masterpieces of Hollywood, our nickelodeon Athens, are so bad. The first is that bad pictures make money. The larger part of the audiences in picture houses does not know the difference between good pictures and bad. And that part of the audience which can discriminate between steak and tripe cannot afford steak anyway. The cheapness of the picture house seats brings them back.

A second reason for bad pictures is the star system. In the talking picture world, a play is not purchased as an entity, but rather something is tailored up to suit the mental and physical disabilities of the star. This is safe business because the boys will pay to see their Vilmas, Bebes, Janets and Colleens in anything — or in nothing.

One of the smaller studios which showed a net profit of $3,500,000 in 1929, laid out a program of 26 pictures to be made in 1930. An agent approached the head of the studio in an effort to sell a story.

"Hell!" said the great executive. "We've got a story!"

He was not joking. He expects to make the same story do duty for 26 pictures. There are a couple of boys in the office who will fix it up for the various stars and different directors.

This is, of course, an extreme case. But in the larger studios one constantly hears the phrases, "Tosca story for her" — "Let him have a Sydney Carton pattern, you know, where he bows out at the end" — "Cinderella romance for her, it never misses" — "Team 'em up and put 'em in a *Three Musketeers*."

The third great reason for bad pictures is the committee system of writing and producing scripts. Hollywood believes that, just as two cars are better than one, or half a dozen suits are better than one, so several authors are better than one. As a result of this quaint theory, Hollywood has adopted the factory method of literary production. A seemingly endless belt carries scripts from author to author — one fits in love scenes, another bolts on the melodrama, a third inserts the comedy gags, a fourth attaches the punch, a fifth and sixth tack on the dialogue and the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth get the screen credit, probably because it is in

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their contracts, or perhaps because they are related to the studio manager.

Into this welter of cinema art slipped one of the ablest of the New York stage directors. He had come to Hollywood to sound-and-stage-direct talking pictures, for the actual sum of $1500 a week for 18 weeks. The man was assigned a cubbyhole of an office and left in it for a month. Then he was supplied with a copy of the story, and was invited to read it and attend a story conference. Those present were the star, the studio executive, the picture director, the supervisor and a delegation from the author body. There was a nice talk for some four hours and then, when matters had reached an impasse, the stage director was asked how he liked the script.

"To be perfectly honest," he said, "I think it's terrible." There was a shocked silence and, after the meeting broke up, he was told he need not come to future conferences.

He held his peace. He continued his solitary confinement, drawing his check each week and counting the days until he could return to New York. But at the end of the 18th week, he was informed that the studio had exercised an option held upon his services for an additional 18 weeks.

"But I've done nothing for you," he gasped.

"Your work has been most satisfactory," replied the studio head.

He is now drawing $1750 a week for 18 more weeks.

The constant loss of money through such mismanagement is bad enough. But, to those who would like intelligent, adult entertainment in films, the waste of literary and dramatic ability seems even more criminal. Talent is bought and then ignored, hampered, and discarded.

A fourth reason for bad pictures, extravagantly produced, is the fact that the men in charge of the studios are not, as a rule, men trained in big business or educated for executive positions. A man who is expert in the gathering of nickels is seldom able to spend millions efficiently. The movie Kings are nickel-nurses. It is studio practice to watch the minor expenses with an eagle eye. Whenever one wishes a typewriter ribbon or a pencil, it is usually simpler to step off the lot and buy it than to fool with the requisition forms. But a $1200 expense account for three days in San Francisco is paid without a murmur, except of congratulations.

Within the last few weeks, a studio had occasion to photograph an automobile burning. A new limousine, price $6000, was purchased and then burned before the cameras. Later it was dis-

covered that the focussed sun-arc lights for the cameras were so brightly reflected in the dazzling metal work of the car that the eyes of future audiences would be half blinded by them. A second limousine was purchased at the same price, its metal work dulled with powder and paint, and the funeral pyre scene repeated.

In another scene a huge stadium set was braced with thousands of board feet of clear pine, instead of cheaper hemlock. When the set was struck, after the picture had been made, most of this pine was removed undamaged. But it was promptly carried off to the incinerator and burned.

One might multiply these examples indefinitely. Were the studios closed corporations, no one could complain. But they have become huge stock enterprises, and their successes or their failures are of no little concern to the public. So that the question, "How long will this condition continue to exist?" becomes a pertinent one.

This reporter ventures a guess that it will not be long now. When the public tires of stereotyped entertainment — and within the last few weeks the film salesmen have been reporting that exhibitors say they have no use for ordinary "program" pictures — and when picture theater balance sheets show red, then the barons of Wall Street may seize control and bring a new order into the chaos of the industry. It has already been demonstrated three times that the industry is not entirely foolproof and that profits are not always inevitable.

Studios were on the verge of bankruptcy when *The Birth of a Nation* saved the picture business and set all studios humming with the manufacture of "epics." But, about three years later, business again lapsed. This time the picture world was saved by the introduction of luxury into the theaters themselves — ushers who saluted, doormen who looked like admirals, Tiller Girls on the stage, and symphony orchestras playing the score. But again business began slipping — the pictures were as stupid as before. The studio heads were praying for some miracle to avert the crash, when the sound film was partially perfected.

The producers held an ace of trumps in the novelty of talking pictures. But this success lasted for only six months. Now the two remaining small trumps are being played — the wide film, or Grandeur, and the colored film, called Technicolor. There are no more novelties to follow these unless the studios begin making really good pictures.

Those Wretched Royalties

Condensed from Vanity Fair (June, '30)

Harold Nicolson
Former Secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin

I AM glad, when I come to think of it, that I am not a King. The functions of monarchy seem to combine in an unending sequence all the horrors to which his human life is apt to be exposed. There are all those clothes, for instance: — and not clothes only but uniforms, red, white and green. There are ribbons around one's chest and stars and chains that scratch and dangle. Even on the most informal occasions one is obliged to be very tidily dressed. A stiff collar, even in the country, and with it those little clips that prevent the tie mounting upwards, and with it those other little clips that prevent the tie from creeping sideways. And things to keep the trousers up, and things to keep the shirt down, and hats of every size and shape, and walking sticks given one by other kings, and a great many different colored gaiters to go over one's shoes. If I were a King I should take a positive dislike to my wardrobe. Clothes would be robbed of personality. Life would assume a dull monochrome of tidiness.

Then, were I a King, I should mind not having luggage. No really nice King has ever had any luggage which he recognizes as his own. Never does he experience the pleasure at the end of a long journey of saying to the porter, "There! That's mine — the crumpled little box with a handle off." A King knows that luggage exists, but impersonally only. His valets do the rest. Those leather boxes are packed in the hush of night and secretly are transported to the station. Nor is this luggage ever labelled. A King can never know the joy of finding Detroit, Beirut, and Yokohama meeting together on the surface of his hat box.

Then, if you were King, would come for you long hours when you were not allowed to smoke a pipe, and when you had to stand erect being polite to people whom you desired never in your whole existence to see again. You would have to memorize people's faces, their silly booby faces, so that when meeting them you would say brightly, and with evident pleasure, "Oh Mr. Tumblittle, we have not met, I think, since January of 1927." At which the pulses of Mr. Tumblittle would race with conscious pride. No, it must not be amusing to be continually confronted "With Smiths thrice

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happy if you call them Jones."

Think also of the crushing burden of your engagement book. For were you King you would have engagement books upon your table, not for this year only but for 1931 and 1932 and 1933 and 1934. "March 15" you would read, "1934. Opening of the Agricultural Hall of Birmingham. 2:45 p. m." The grim picture, the terribly forecasted phantasm, of that event, would swim before your eyes. You would see it all across the gulf of four unending dutiful years. There would be the drive to the station. You would sit in the little front seat of the motor and the equerry and Lord in Waiting would be sitting behind. One sits on the little front seat when one is a King as it is easier to get out first. Besides if one sat in the back seat the people sitting in front would turn their backs, which is disrespectful and not allowed.

At the station you would be received by the manager and two of the Directors of the Central Line. The niece of the Director (an idiotic little girl) would present the Queen with a bouquet. You would then pass on to the platform over red carpets, and the Band of the Royal Engineers would play that ghastly reiteration which to others sounds as a national anthem but to yourself is the torture-motif of many an excruciating ordeal. And thus the terrible business would go on.

There must be moments when a King finds life intolerable, but he is unable to resign. On he goes till death claims him, and even his funeral is a ceremony. "Everything to lose, nothing to gain," thus would I groan to myself if I were King.

And yet, and yet . . . Well at least if I *were* a King I should like to be an important one. No potty little monarchy for me. And then, were I condemned to being a Royalty, I should on the whole prefer to be a King than a King's aunt or even nephew. The life of a minor Royalty is destructive of all human dignity. I knew a minor Royalty once who was so minor that one forgot he was a Royalty at all. At which he would get huffy and stand up very straight and say to one, "Would you like to sit down?" A question which it was rude to answer with — "But I *am* sitting down!"

I have heard people say, of course, that Royalties get it all back when they travel; that it is almost worth while being a Royalty in order to avoid customs and passports and waiting in queues. I have my doubts as to this. I asked a Royalty the question once but he thought I was being impertinent and stared at me with the blank eyes of Royalty when it becomes indignant. A stone wall is as nothing to the stare of an Archduke who

thinks you are being impertinent.

It must be *flat* to be a Royalty. They have imposed upon them the same level of relationship with everyone they meet. The very fact of their elevation renders the rest of humanity a flat surface, as when one takes the airplane to Paris and the gentle contours of the Weald of Kent become flat for one as if on a map spread upon the table. I should not like to regard humanity flattened out, as Kings regard it, or Stalin regards it, or perhaps even Mussolini. I feel it pleasant to look upwards sometimes as well as down.

For what is the summit of fame but the abysm of notoriety? It cannot be amusing to be recognized continuously even when one wishes to escape observation. It must be trying to the nerves to be merely incognito when one wishes to escape observation. It must be intolerable never to walk down Bond Street, never to jostle with a crowd, never to push and shove people in the back: always orderly, ordered, ordained.

But of all these sorrows the greatest is that dumb longing for equality which gnaws at the heart of any decent man who is forced to be a King. One sees it in their pathetic exaggeration of the family tie: their relations, even the wives of their third cousins, are at least nearer to them than their nearest friend: and hence that fantasy of family affection which lives in all royal memoirs. This nostalgia of equality hangs over their sad and stilted letters — sundering them from their subjects — uniting them in a pathetic disunity with their relations upon other thrones, with faded royal aunts, with unknown royal cousins in remote Arch Duchies. Thus do these Royalties, unloving but lonely, cling to such family connections as may give them at least the illusion of consanguinity, the illusion that somewhere, however distant, are other men and women like themselves.

And when they meet together, when they have stalked off together through lines of bowing Chamberlains to that royal supper room, they will relax, as the great doors close behind them, that stiff regal rigidity, — and they will behave together like school boys on a holiday, cracking foolish little jokes, poking each other in ribs which only equally royal fingers can poke, telling each other home truths which they never hear at home. Bubbling, poor wretches, with childish merriment. For this is all the fun they have.

Controlling the Mississippi

Condensed from The Scientific Monthly (June, '30)

Major General Lytle Brown
Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army

THE real highwaters of the Mississippi always occur in the spring between February and June. They vary in height from 40 feet to 60 or 70 above low-water stage. The banks of the river are about 40 feet above low water.

For over 100 years the people of the Mississippi Valley have been protecting their lands from overflows by means of levees or earthen dams. At this time the levees are from 20 to 25 feet high above the natural bank so that all but the major highwaters are restrained.

The deposit from overflow water is fine silt and is very fertile. After each overflow the land usually produces much better crops than it has produced when not subjected to overflow. Now that the greater part of the valley is to be given total protection the question of wearing out of agricultural lands may become a problem.

The backbone of flood protection is the system of levees. These dams can be constructed only of the soil where they are located because any other type of construction would cost far more than the values protected. None of this soil is any too good for the purpose. It is more or less porous and will not bear excessive weight. Sometimes levees when built to the height desired — from 20 to 30 feet — will sink on the foundations. This may be accompanied by the rising of earth near by or there may be no indication at all where the levee material goes. In such cases apparently the foundation acts like a tube of toothpaste and material is squeezed out at some distant point which is never discovered. When subsidence is accompanied by a raising of the nearby material the defect can sometimes be remedied by loading with earth the place that rises. Usually about all that can be done is to keep putting material on the levee until equilibrium is established.

The porous foundations permit water to percolate under the levee and come up on the land side. This is very dangerous if the water moves fast enough to transport material with it. A cavity will be created, the levees will drop, and flood waters will be loosed over the land. When water moves under a levee too fast it is indicated by a "sand

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boil" behind the levee. This is a bubbling up of water carrying sand. When a sand boil starts it must be stopped promptly. The method used is to build with sandbags a circular well around the sand boil. The water rises in this well and creates a hydraulic head against the percolating water. When the water is high levees sometimes have to be patrolled night and day for evidences of weakness.

The surest way to prevent accidents is to have levees high enough and broad enough. Even so muskrats and other small animals may bore through. But abundant material in the design is the best that can be done. Sodding and careful maintenance by preventing weeds and trees from growing on the levee help to avoid failures. Cattle must be kept off a soft levee so that their hoofs will not destroy the sod. The levees now being constructed are 10 feet wide on top and from 200 to 300 feet wide at the base. These levees are quite stable and safe, but their construction is an enormous job. Millions of yards of earth must be scraped up. The river below Cairo, Illinois, is about 1000 miles long and for the greater part of this length there are levees on both sides of the river. In some places the old levees have to be doubled in size. In others, entirely new levees are being constructed.

In concave bends the banks of the river are continually crumbling away, while on convex banks depositing processes are going on. Thus the river gradually changes its shape and location, wandering through the ages from one side of the alluvial valley to the other. It has no permanent fixed location. This moving process and caving away of the banks periodically destroys levees. Like buildings in cities, levees must be considered of limited life. They are generally placed sufficiently far from the river bank to give them not less than a 30-year life. However, at places it is expedient to stabilize the river bank and this is accomplished by means of revetments and bank paving.

Revetment is made in two ways, *viz.*, with willow mats and with flexible concrete mats. The mat is placed below low water, lying on the side and bed of the river to prevent scour and undermining. Above the mat the bank is paved with concrete or stone. Mats stay in good condition something like 80 years; there is considerable durability in them. However, they are much more expensive per linear foot of river than levees.

A willow mat is made of young willow trees having a diameter of from one to three inches. These are bound together into a fascine or bundle from 10 to 16 inches in diameter. The fascines are tied

together side by side with wire cable and poles until a mat is formed some 1000 feet long and 300 feet wide. This is floated alongside the bank and loaded with stone until it rests on the bottom. Being flexible it sinks into place in the shape of the bed below low-water line.

When the supply of young willows began to become scarce, a flexible concrete mat was devised which costs about the same as the willow mat and serves the same purpose. The concrete mat consists of slabs of concrete wired together.

Where towns and cities are located on the river banks moving levees back is impracticable, and in some cases several miles of bank revetment must be put in.

New Orleans is protected not only by levees and revetments, but also by a spillway which is being constructed above the city to let water out from the main river. This spillway is located at Bonnet Carre, about 20 miles above New Orleans. It consists of a masonry sill and movable dam 7700 feet long and a floodway within which the discharged water can flow in safety to Lake Pontchartrain where it will be harmless. The floodway stream will be over a mile wide and from 10 to 15 feet deep, flowing at velocities of from two to three and one half feet per second. This is of course a large river in itself, but the main river at this point is about five times as large in capacity as the spillway.

The adopted flood control project for the Mississippi Valley provides for an expenditure by the United States of $325,000,000. This expenditure is to be made over a period of ten years. It is contemplated that after completion the adopted project will protect the greater part of the valley against the maximum flood predicted as possible.

No one who has not traveled all along the levee lines between Memphis and New Orleans can realize the immense public work that they represent. Before the federal government set its hand to the work of flood control two years ago, the levee system already constructed stood as material evidence of the great energy, enterprise and determination of the people who live along the banks of the mighty stream. The whole world seems to know of the dikes of Holland, and of the courage and industry of the Dutch people. Some day when the proper literary genius comes along the story of the levees along the Mississippi will find its way into the vision of the world.

I Can't Stay Away from a Fire!

Condensed from The American Magazine (May, '30)

Henry Morton Robinson

Former instructor at Columbia; ex-editor of "Contemporary Verse" and author of two volumes of poetry; free-lance writer

ALTHOUGH my family never mentions it, I'm mighty proud to introduce myself as a 32nd Degree fire buff. I've run to ten thousand fires, and will probably run to ten thousand more, just to keep my nerves calm and my disposition sweet. At the caressing shriek of a fire siren my pulse takes a high-banked turn, and I romp to the blaze with every intention of snuffing it out with my bare hands.

A fire bug *sets* fires; a fire buff will sprint a mile to help put them out. The name "buff" is a relic of the old days when we used to spread huge buffalo robes over the horses. Now the horses are gone, but the nickname remains.

When about nine years of age, living in Malden, Mass., I became mascot and official brass-polisher to the hook-and-ladder company. That was where I got my real start in life! Shortly after this, I rigged out a small express wagon with a ladder and an ax, painted the whole business red, and began to answer all alarms. Arriving at the fire, I'd make myself mighty useful by lugging around a big plug of tobacco for the firemen.

On my 15th birthday Dick the Driver allowed me to curry the three big grays. By that time I was a full-grown buff. Hustling to daylight alarms wasn't enough excitement, so I decided to "roll" to all night alarms. I rigged up a gong connected with the fire station, and fastened a stout rope to the leg of my bed. When I wanted to leave the house in fireman fashion, I merely threw the rope out of the window and slid down. . . .

For the last three years I've lived in a little New York hamlet that doesn't provide a decent blaze oftener than once a year — although I still cling to the gong contraption over my bed. So, to break the monotony, two or three times a year I run down to New York City to get a glimpse of "big-time" buffing. And I've been lucky, too, since I fell in with the "top-hat" millionaire fire-buff element there — as rabid a gang of fire fans as you'd ever want to meet. They have a grand dinner once a month, and devote the whole night to the pursuit of fire engines in their specially fitted limousines.

The leader of this delirious

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crew is a millionaire scientist who is very proud of the fact that he is a fire buff. But his family are all prominent Social Registerites and look with displeasure at his engine-chasing proclivities. So, in order not to expose my friend, he shall be known as "Charley." Having a scientific turn of mind, Charley has invented a searchlight which can spot the top story of a skyscraper through dense clouds of smoke. He also contributes generously to departmental welfare work, and is recognized as one of the most loyal buffs in the service.

Charley was host at the first of the dinners I attended. Beside me sat Mr. Alfred Dreyfous, official camera-man to the Fire Department, and the dean of fire photographers in this country. The department ranks him as a Battalion Chief and depends upon his pictures for the official record. Across the table sat William F. Kenny, millionaire contractor and close friend of Alfred E. Smith. Mr. Kenny's large business interests do not keep him from active buffing. He is a Deputy Chief and rates a gong on the dashboard of his limousine. But probably the most famous buff at the dinner was Dr. Harry Archer, a grizzled veteran, and medical officer of the department for the past 30 years.

We all agreed, before dinner, that we would pay attention to nothing short of a fifth alarm. On the wall was an electrical indicator that flashed alarms from all parts of the city. And at every flash, a mental record was made of the box being "pulled." For these men knew not only the location of every one of the 5000 alarm boxes in New York, but also the type of conflagration that could start in the locality of any given box.

At length we took our cigars into Charley's study. Here indeed was a fire buff's paradise. The walls were covered with pictures of apparatus, champion hose companies, and steel-jawed chiefs of other years. I was particularly interested in an old photograph of a crack engine company, in which one young man in the group was Alfred E. Smith, one of the most famous of living buffs.

But the feature of Charley's study was a huge illuminated map of New York, dotted with tiny red bulbs — a bulb for every fire box. Whenever a box was pulled in any part of the city, it was electrically recorded on the illuminated map.

Well, we sat around like a lot of expectant fathers, waiting for any news the indicator might bring in. I heard some grand stories of really *great* fire buffs. . . . A red bulb flashed. "Paint and varnish district," said Charley hopefully. "Congested district, old-style construction —

should be a pretty good party. Shall we be off, gentlemen?"

After five minutes of joyous clanging (Charley also rates a gong), rolling to the fire *de luxe*, we were admitted within the fire lines. Our party separated. I stuck with Charley; he went straight to the chemical company to which he belongs, and drew out a couple of helmets, two pairs of rubber boots, and a rubber coat for each of us. Then we walked across a tangle of hose lines to where Chief "Smoky Joe" Martin was directing operations.

"Say, Charley, jump over to the west side of the building and bring back a report. If things look too bad, we'll pull the Big Chief out on a third alarm."

Meanwhile, Al Dreyfous was getting plenty of smoke pictures; Doctor Archer was plastering the cheek of a reporter who had collided with some flying glass; and Mr. Kenny had brought in ten gallons of coffee and some sandwiches. I merely stood by, and watched my fire buff friends going about their works of mercy and expert assistance. Within half an hour the fire seemed under control, when Al Dreyfous rushed up to Charley.

"Just heard there's a big dock fire over on West Side," he panted. "Let's go!"

The dock fire was a swell blaze too. A produce warehouse, abutting on a wharf, was raging like a volcano. After three hours of merciless drenching, it subsided.

If I had space, I'd tell you how we then cavorted down to the Bowery and pulled 20 helpless wretches out of a "flophouse" fire trap; how Charley cut his wrist on a broken window; and how I was knocked unconscious by a "wild" hose that slipped from the hands of two firemen. Then, much exhausted by our night's fun, we ate an enormous breakfast, shook hands all round — and so to bed!

I once asked John Kenlon, New York Fire Chief, what he thought of the buffs. He banged his thigh and roared: "Fire buffs? They're a mad, loyal crew! Yessir, they're a lot of inspired wild men. Why, a buff saved my life once. . . ." It was a thrilling tale — but about halfway through, we both heard a whirring sound.

"Third alarm! — let's roll!" snapped Kenlon. And I was the happiest buff in America as we sped to the fire in the Chief's own car.

Cloak & Suit

Condensed from Fortune (June, '30)

THE garment trade of the United States, the fourth largest industry in value of products, is no dinosaur. Rather it is a protozoan colony. One may become a full-fledged garment manufacturer with as little as $5000. And many do so. Hence it is that the workers in the garment trades (341,200 as compared to steel's 361,300) are scattered through thousands of small establishments.

The picture presented by this trade is a story of needles and tired eyes. Of street brawls. Of suave salesmen. Of sneak thievery. Of the oppression of the Jews in Russia in the year 1882. Of the sweatshop. Of E. W. Fairchild, the gentile king of American Jewry. Of Benjamin Schlesinger, the gaunt and snarling wolf who is president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

It was the *Jewish Daily Forward* who called E. W. Fairchild, a 55-year-old gentile, king of the Jews. From his offices on 13th Street, far from the Garment Center, he quite literally directs the activities of the entire garment trade. His two most important publications, *Women's Wear Daily* and the *Daily News Record*, are read by everyone connected with either manufacture or sale of garments, everyone who can read English. His news service, exceeded in the size of its staff by only four of the great news-gathering agencies of the world (Associated Press, United Press, Reuters, and International), forewarns the trade of style changes and announces all fabric, color, and style developments. In Paris his representatives are accorded advance showings by the Parisian couture so that complete reports may be carried in his publications on the day of the openings. From four seats in the gallery of Congress, legislation affecting the trade is reported. In five other periodicals, published in New York, Chicago, Paris, and London and in many series of analyses and charts he provides all the knowledge and forecasts that the trade requires.

Of the 341,200 workers in the industry, 94,848 work in Manhattan, which means that every 17th person you pass on the street in that crowded borough is a garment worker. These workers are piled 15 to 30 layers deep in skyscrapers that have been built on garment-earned money by Abe Lefcourt, Saul Singer, Mack Kanner and others. Behind each

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of the thousands of windows are banks of spools, long cutting tables, long ranks of sewing machines, ornate showrooms, narrow shoulders and unshaven faces bending over films of fabric.

In 36th Street they congregate at noon. They seem to be the ultimate in the thug, the shenango, the rogue's gallery type. They shout and gesticulate. Some lean against barber poles or cornices, reading Yiddish newspapers, munching sandwiches and dill pickles. The women workers mostly stay indoors. Many of them are middle-aged, sallow. Their bodies are tired, maternal. Fingers, used to dodging the flying needle and to plucking fringe, are never still. They continue to play with scraps of cloth, plucking, folding, fraying. Predominantly Russian Jewish are the crowds in the streets and in the shops.

It was the effect of the conditions in Russia in 1882 which drove Russian Jews to America in tens of thousands. They came to New York, then as now the country's garment capital. Many of them were facile tailors. All of them were stoical, dogged workers thankful to have escaped from Russia with their lives, willing to work at the rates of pay then current (about 25 cents per garment, which made it possible for them to earn from $1.50 to $10 a week, with the majority earning about $3.00). This was the period in which the sweatshop was born and strikes and protests against workers' conditions were continuous.

"Sweating" still exists in the industry, though conditions now sufficient to brand a plant as a sweatshop would have been welcomed as a great relief at the turn of the century. But the present conditions are not meekly endured. Only last month vigilant, passionate Mr. Schlesinger denounced Baltimore as the "mecca of the sweatshop system," charging that young girls there were being paid only $6.00 for a 60-hour week. Effort to improve working conditions is expended constantly and with increasing success.

Fashions, in the earliest days of the industry, were imported in miniature on dolls. They were known as "babies." Before 1776 these came mainly from London, but during the Revolution none but Tories would ape the British, and French "babies" began to be shown. Importation of the gowns themselves had become important by 1827.

Today hundreds of buyers, virtually all manufacturers and many, many jobbers go to Paris for the openings each season. Each man brings back with him models, for which he has paid $300 or more. This model no American woman would wear.

Nor would any French woman. It is to the purchaser what shorthand notes are to a stenographer. It may be made from any kind of material, the cheaper the better. If the original had fur anywhere upon it, the model will indicate it with white muslin or sleazy crêpe. Each model is a trade secret for its owner. He hides it carefully. When he is home again, the designer will *adapt* it, rarely *copy* it. The inexperienced eye is often unable to detect any similarity between the model and the copy. But no matter. The dress qualifies as a Lanvin or a Patou or a Worth because the American designer (drawing, likely, $10,000 to $25,000 a year in salary) had a twist and fold of cloth for which his boss paid $500 hanging in front of him as he worked. The similarity may not extend beyond the general arrangement of buttons or the flare of a cuff.

The birth of a "copy" is attended with great secrecy. The manufacturer or the jobber knows that if his new number is particularly "hot," it will be recopied (actually copied this time) and on the market at $10 less than his price in a few days. The theft, manufacture, and retail sale of a style idea has been accomplished in three hours.

Thus manufacturers figure the life of a style to be two weeks. And thus, with competition so keen, a bad guess, a Line that is a "flop" may readily ruin a house which must always have most of its eggs in one basket, though it has a new basket every fortnight.

Wherefore, today's hodgepodge.

Wherefore, the saying that every garment man goes eventually into real estate. As soon as he has made enough money, he does it. As soon as he goes bankrupt, he does it. If he has any time while he is in the garment business, he turns to the hectic real estate game for peace, quiet, and relaxation. Real estate or pinochle, or Wall Street or the theater racket.

Of course if the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady would both wear clothes of the same material and cut, a machine could be devised into which sheep and cotton plants could be fed, and from the other end of which would issue lamb chops, cottonseed oil, and uniforms. But while Milady persists in feeling that a dress is worthless once she has seen its duplicate, the principle of mass production is fantastic. Milady, it seems, will continue to make her imperious demands. Labor will continue to make its own. The women's garment industry will remain: Eight thousand small manufacturers. A hundred million garments a year. Needles and tired eyes.

New Odors for Old

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal (May, '30)

Donald A. Laird

Director, Psychological Laboratory, Colgate University; author of "Psychology of Selecting Men," "Increasing Personal Efficiency," etc.

TODAY there are no more astounding achievements of the research laboratory in adding value to merchandise and enjoyment to life than in the now wide-flung creation of synthetic scents.

Last spring gowns were created with a heliotrope shade carrying a fragrance of that aroma in the very fibers of the cloth itself. Lilac hues were impregnated with lasting lilac scents, and sports ensembles were given an aroma of pines and outdoor scents. Of course this was a passing fad, but these novelties demonstrated the possibilities of the use of synthetics.

One yarn manufacturer is using special synthetic perfumes so that cloth containing his yarns will always have a distinctive and good smell — serving both as an olfactory trade-mark and to assure quality. Other textile manufacturers, from those making overalls to silk hosiery, are using synthetics to enhance the charm of their goods. The hosiery will be featured as "good from toes to nose."

No longer need clothes taken from the storage chests reek of the odor of moth balls. They still have the protection of the moth balls, but come out of storage with a pleasing scent.

A synthetic oil of cedar aroma is also being used to produce a special plaster for lining clothes closets.

Artificial leathers are being given the odor of real leather, and real leather is being given a neutral odor! The real article is striving to overcome its imperfections, and the imitation tries to appear genuine by reproducing the imperfections of the real article.

Synthetics can be used in the kitchen to overcome the unpleasant odors of such foods as cauliflower, cabbages, onions. A liquid synthetic in the downstairs hall will neutralize most kitchen odors that are wafted there, as well as the odor of tobacco smoke.

Shoe polishes no longer radiate fumes. Nail polishes are no longer modeled after the odor of bananas. Depilatories have found that they can do their essential work and leave a fragrance rather than an odor. Rubber goods, from stair treads to shower curtains, are being impregnated with these

(Continued on page 261)

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Have You Second Sight?

PROJECT THIS PICTURE ON YOUR WALL!

■ Here is a famous personage — his identity a little dimmed, however, by a somewhat stark impression. Would you like to see him actually appear on your own walls? Would you like to see his familiar feature glow distinctly before you, as you sit in your own armchair? Then follow these instructions:

■ Concentrate on the picture, look steadily (without blinking, if possible) at *the dots on the nose*, and count slowly to fifty. Then look at a light wall — the whiter the better — at a white paper, or even at the sky; the picture will appear enlarged.

■ Close your eyes for a second, then open them again; the image will reappear — once or twice, perhaps many times.

Amos 'n' Andy Explained

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June, '30)

A. A. Brill as told to Michel Mok

Dr. Brill is a psychoanalyst of international reputation

IN recent months the Amos 'n' Andy popularity has grown into a veritable craze. It is a standing rule at the National Broadcasting Company that nothing is allowed to interfere with their program except the President, other high Government officials commandeering the radio for announcements of national importance, and SOS calls.

So anxious are persons in all walks of life to hear them that telephone conversations in the eastern part of the United States have decreased to an unprecedented minimum between seven and seven-fifteen, the Amos 'n' Andy period. At moving picture theaters, attendance at the so-called supper show has dropped to a marked degree. But perhaps the most striking evidence of their immense popularity is the fact that they are influencing the language. Persons in all walks of life are saying "I'se regusted," or "check and double check." Staid business men write "propolition," instead of proposition.

Briefly, then, we are confronted with a phenomenon the like of which has never been known before anywhere. What is the secret of Amos 'n' Andy's tremendous popularity?

Amos 'n' Andy have an almost uncanny ability to make people laugh. As one intelligent man said to me, "You sit in your chair, forget everything, and just laugh." From the earliest civilized times, those possessing that particular gift have been the darlings of humanity. They were forgiven anything. The court jester could be as impudent as he pleased; so long as he amused the king, he was immune from punishment.

Why are funny men such great favorites? Because wit, or humor, is one of the outlets civilized man has evolved to give vent to pent-up or tabooed emotions. Through it, he obtains release from repression and oppression. Laughter is a narcotic. Wit is one of civilized man's means of freeing himself from oppression, and of realizing desires in a concealed way.

One of the elements of the success of Amos 'n' Andy, then, is the lure of the forbidden. "But they are as innocent as the day is long!" I can hear you protesting. "Their stuff is absolutely clean."

Right. But a great many things are forbidden in civilization that

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are not unclean in the least. One of these is to talk improperly. From the time we are children we are told constantly to speak correctly. If we do not, we are punished. All through our lives we unconsciously long to return to the happy, carefree days of childish babble. Amos 'n' Andy, in effect, take us back to the happy days of "eenie-meenie-miniemo."

Puns and baby talk! No wonder children and grownups alike are extremely fond of them. For the children, "the lid is off." Improper English is not only permitted, it is funny and admirable.

But the necessity for talking properly is by no means the only oppression under which we chafe. We are all oppressed by somebody or something. One man is oppressed by his boss; a second by his competitors; a third by his bank; a fourth by the stock ticker. Government oppresses some of us; religion others. Many people are oppressed by poverty; a few by riches. Thousands are oppressed by ill-health and by real or fancied hard luck. Children are oppressed by their parents, their older brothers and sisters, their teachers.

One quick and easy escape from all these forms of stress is wit and humor. But some forms of humor are more "sure-fire," as they say in the show business, than others. Aside from their garbled words and puns, Amos 'n' Andy use few if any jokes or "gags." They rely mainly for their laughs on situations.

Their comedy is of the blackface variety. This always is "sure-fire." From time immemorial, people have always made fun of those minorities among them who did not speak the language well.

As for situation, Amos 'n' Andy use the time-honored device of the big fellow bullying the little fellow, who, however, triumphs in the end by dint of greater smartness. Andy is lazy, stupid, conceited, domineering. Amos is industrious, submissive, modest, but comparatively clever. This, too, is "sure-fire." It is the idea underlying the Mutt and Jeff comic strip, the widest read of all newspaper cartoons. It is also the secret of Charlie Chaplin's success.

Another "sure-fire" quality in the Amos 'n' Andy comedy is that their humor is grim. Carefully analyzed, there is nothing jolly about their material. The characters are in constant difficulty; their financial and love affairs are always in a muddle. But they make the best of a bad bargain. This is known as "the humor of the gallows." It is the kind of humor that makes the spectator or listener feel: "Well, if those fellows with all their troubles can laugh at their hard luck, I am, after all, not so badly off myself."

The secret of Amos 'n' Andy success then, is that, either by accident or design, they have taken several "sure-fire" comedy devices and welded them into a whole — garbled words and puns, black-face dialect, the big-fellow-and-little-fellow situation, funny nicknames, and the humor of the gallows. And they present this mixture in a manner so childish and simple that it can be followed and understood by anyone without the slightest effort.

But even this, though it explains their universal appeal, does not account for their overwhelming popularity. This, of course, is where the radio comes in. They are known and liked by millions, instead of thousands as might be the case were they stage entertainers.

Who are the workers of this modern miracle? Freeman F. Gosden, the Amos of the pair, was born in Richmond, Va. Thus the southern dialect comes naturally to him. He is 31 years old, married, and has a 20-months-old son. Charles J. Correll, Andy, is a native of Peoria, Illinois. He is 40 and married.

All the material is written by Correll and Gosden themselves, usually between nine A. M. and noon. Correll (Andy) operates the typewriter, while Gosden walks up and down, usually jingling a handful of coins. Both contribute ideas. Like composers of music, they mark their manuscript with the "mood" in which the dialogue is written, such as "sad," "gay," "lazy," "peppy." This is done so that "Bill" Hay, their announcer, can cast his announcement in the same tempo and mood as the rest of the broadcast.

They take their work very seriously, and "live" their characters before the microphone. Correll projects Andy's booming bass voice by speaking close to the microphone. Gosden produces his falsetto about a foot and a half away from the "mike."

The National Broadcasting Company pays them a salary of $100,000 a year for their Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts. A revealing sidelight on the character of the two men is the fact that they split the sum in three parts, paying one third to "Bill" Hay, their announcer, for no other reason than that "he has been with us from the start."

As this is written, they are negotiating with a motion picture company for the making of a talkie. It is said they will receive $250,000 for 15 weeks' work. Exorbitant? Not a bit of it. Anyone who has the ability to make millions happy is worth all he can get.

Independence or Inter*dependence?*

Condensed from Foreign Affairs (London) May, '30

Norman Angell, M. P.
Editor of "Foreign Affairs," Author of "The Great Illusion," etc.

THE most disturbing fact which the post-war world faces is economic chaos. Where the standard of life was already low, as in China and Russia, the chaos has resulted in famine, pestilence, death and misery beyond imagination to conceive. Five million men, women and children it is estimated have perished in a single province of China during the last winter from famine, disease and cold. An American observer reports that in village after village the population was simply wiped out, save for a few survivors eating grass, sawdust, dried leaves, tree bark and leather.

In industrialised countries we get, not at present famine, but poverty for very many, inadequate life, and all the racking anxiety and, ultimately, the moral deterioration which must come from constant and heart-breaking unemployment. We face a monstrous paradox: the world needing more goods, and the men and machines which might produce them standing idle; starving because we can produce what we need too easily.

In other words, we have not learned so to manage the machine of production and distribution that it will give us welfare. And part of the reason is that most of the energies and emotions of public policy have gone to other ends. We have been misled by such slogans as "independence of peoples," "self-determination," "democracy," "the rights of nationality" as though they represented absolute rights. Unless we can learn to coöperate internationally, which means each surrendering something of his independence on behalf of partnership, we cannot create a workable social community.

We see this danger, but we don't see at all clearly and vividly the relation thereto of our patriotisms, tribalisms and nationalisms.

Europe is riven with national barriers that get higher and higher and multiply and multiply. The war added 7000 miles of new barriers to the economic labyrinth of Europe. The Balkanisation of Europe goes on. A nationality, like Ireland, asserts successfully its claim to independence, and the first use it makes of it is to put up a fiscal barrier which damages the workers of Britain. Scotland may follow

suit, another barrier presumably; then Wales — until we have an utterly unworkable political basis for the economy by which we live, an economy which for good or ill has become fundamentally international.

Every day in the West adds to the evidence that not only has the nationalist movement and the passions which go with it increased the economic chaos and difficulty, and made not the faintest contribution to the solving of the problem of daily bread, but we are now beginning to realise that not until we modify our nationalisms can we get any thorough-going solution at all.

Yet in our nationalist struggles where passions run so high and emotions flame, the economic fundamentals are forgotten. "Self-government," the nationalist is never weary of telling us, is desired, not because it will make men comfortable or prosperous, but because it will make them free.

The tragedy of the thing is that just as the West begins to have some inkling at least of the enormous danger of the nationalist passions, the East, where, after all, nationalism of this kind is a foreign importation, has taken up the fatal battlecries of "independence" and "self-determination," and proposes to run amok with them.

What we are confronted with here is no quarrel about material things but about ideals. One hears, it is true, a good deal of passionate oratory about capitalist exploitation in India, but that is a rationalisation. Capitalism can be, and is, quite as readily Indian as British. The Bombay cotton mills owned by Indian capitalists would still exploit the Indian worker with as much ruthlessness as ever were all British connection to cease. And British capitalism does not need the political tie: as witness the vast sums that have been sunk in countries like Argentina, Brazil, Turkey, to say nothing of the United States. Britain's main economic interest in India is as a market, and for the purpose of that market has a supreme interest in the raising of the standard of life in India.

The Nationalist movement in India is something apart from economic problems, or problems of material welfare. The Nationalists have raised the conception of "independence" to the position of a supreme spiritual good, just at a time when in the West we are beginning to recognise that independence is a word that we should banish as either unreal and meaningless or definitely anti-social.

Gandhi himself is not afraid to assert plainly a scale of values which places this misconceived spiritual value over and above

considerations of material welfare. He admits that economically India may be worse off as the result of the severance of the British connection. But the British connection means we are told moral slavery for the Indians; is a thing spiritually evil whatever its material advantages.

Plainly, no improvement in economic or social welfare, if it comes from the hands of Britain, will meet this temper. What we are confronted with here is a question of status — pride, dignity. The Indians refuse to face the truth to which perhaps the West is just awakening, that the ideals of independence and "freedom" are inadequate to the needs of the modern world.

None of us has independence, and none "freedom," in this modern world of ours. The thirteen colonies rebelled because they were taxed without representation. But today all nations are heavily taxed without representation. A decision is taken in Washington with reference to, say, the Federal Reserve Policy, and half the businesses in Britain are penalised, and 100,000 operatives within a month or two are thrown out of work. These semi-starving Britons thus thrown on the dole are politically completely "free and independent." It would be more to the purpose if we had devised some machinery of coöperation in which our *inter*dependence were frankly recognised, and by means of which liberation from economic helplessness and chaos were achieved — even though at the price of the surrender of some of the quite worthless political sovereignty.

It may be that the sterility and evil of some of the ideals which Indians, like Europeans of the immediate past, proclaim as the highest, can only be shown by experience; that we must all go further to chaos before we can begin the work of integration. Those best qualified to judge the Irish situation say that the old passion of the Irish for political abstractions is dying in the disillusionment of independence as a solvent for the day-by-day problems of life. Thus "Æ" writes in the *Irish Statesman:*

> "There are few Irish farmers who do not realise that their market is across the Channel, that the poverty of that market means their poverty, and its prosperity has reactions here. With the fact staring them in the face, and with the situation no longer complicated by the struggle for self-government, it would be unnatural if a reasoned friendliness did not replace the old antagonism."

We have to come, after our orgies of nationalism, to coöperation and integration, in which each must acknowledge obligations to the other.

Dogs That Lead the Blind

Condensed from The Woman's Journal (May, '30)

Helen Hulett Searl

THE work of Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis, an American woman living in Switzerland, is known and valued in at least four European countries, and is just becoming established in her own. This work, which began with the training of German Shepherd dogs for police duty, and has developed into a school for educating them as guides for people who have lost their eyesight, is perhaps the most outstanding service to the blind since the invention of the Braille system of letters.

Mrs. Eustis's school is on the outskirts of the quaint university town of Lausanne. It is called in French, "*l'Oeil qui Voit.*"

In 1923 her interest in the German Shepherd dog took her abroad. She soon became intensely absorbed in the work the German Government was doing, supplying these dogs to the soldiers who had been blinded in the War. Each disabled soldier who was capable of handling a dog was given one and an allowance for its maintenance.

The German Shepherd dog has been found to be the best dog for the work. He has been bred for centuries to herd sheep, and has the instincts of protection and responsibility. He has the proper weight to pull back in his harness and have his master sense the immediate reaction.

"The three months' preliminary education with a seeing teacher is most important," said Mrs. Eustis, "because we are not 'training' the dog as you would train an animal to go through certain prescribed tricks. We are educating him in the fullest sense of the word. It is most interesting to see how much more careful the dog is of the blind man from the moment she — we find the females more responsive to this particular kind of work — begins to work with him than she has been with the instructor.

"The groundwork consists of taking the dog over the same route each day until the dog knows it by heart and can take care of any situation which may arise.

"The dog is provided with a harness with a semi-stiff U-shaped handle through which her every movement and reaction is felt by the man. She is taught to sit down for curves and steps; to stand still for traffic. For telephone poles or other obstructions

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which may be gone around, the dog leans to the opposite from the obstruction and pulls her man over. She stops for a curb and waits until her man has his foot well placed before she goes on. She is taught the difference between controlled and uncontrolled traffic. She is taught to look out for awnings and scaffoldings which she goes under easily but which might strike the man on the head. When the dog understands all this perfectly she is introduced to her blind man."

The second stage of the work begins when the blind man is provided with his particular dog. His first task is to put the harness on his dog, who is trained to come and put her head in his hand when he speaks her name. Then the dog takes the man out in the town. Over the same route which has become so familiar to her she goes, always remembering the halting helplessness of the feet which come so uncertainly at first behind her own; waiting patiently for her charge to comprehend her signals.

"The day comes when the man responds smoothly to the dog's signals," said Mrs. Eustis. "Then they may begin to negotiate new routes. He starts out alone with his dog, gives her the command, 'Left,' or 'Right,' counts the curbs as his dog pauses for them, and continuing thus, gets to the block where he wishes to go, counts the steps from the corner if the house is familiar to him, or in case it is not, inquires the number from a passer-by.

"In Germany these dog guides are accepted as a matter of course. They are taken free on trains or other public conveyances and the public is educated not to distract in any way the attention of the dog on duty."

It is most difficult to get the men to correct the dogs. The man will always insist that the fault is his, that he distracted the dog in some way or failed to respond to her signal. Such is their affection for the creatures who have opened a world of independence to them.

Mr. Morris Frank has charge of The Seeing Eye, the sister school to *l'Oeil qui Voit*, at Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Frank had been blind for some time when he met Mrs. Eustis, and was persuaded by her to come to Lausanne.

There are many persons in this country who are desirous of having one of the graduates of the school to make them independent of human guides. It is too costly and hazardous to ship them the long distance from Switzerland to the United States, so Mrs. Eustis has made arrangements for the breeding and training of the dogs at the Eberling Kennels at Morristown, New Jersey.

A Revolution in National Taste

Condensed from Nation's Business (June, '30)

Robert W. deForest, as told to Earl Reeves

Mr. deForest is a lawyer, business executive and President of Metropolitan Museum

UNTIL recently we have been accustomed to speak with pride of our new "age of machinery"; and have regarded the days of our forefathers as an era of crude handwork. But lately a remarkable reversal has occurred. Their "crude handwork" now is recognized as having been very good indeed. The American public is rediscovering its own artistic origins and in so doing vastly improving the national taste.

During the last century the nation's boundaries expanded; venturesome souls arrived from Europe, chiefly from districts barren alike of economic and cultural opportunity; the machine age struggled not to produce durability or beauty in products but to keep pace with the rapidly growing needs of the young nation. America performed a great productive feat but Americans surrendered their artistic independence. What thought the factory system gave to form and design was based on confusion. Ornamentation was regarded as art, and we had jigsaw, scroll and gilt.

As industry progressed, designers came from abroad; and for the rest we developed a habit of stealing from abroad, of buying a fabric, a wall paper or a household object abroad and brazenly reproducing it here.

But a time came when we were no longer struggling to keep up with a ravenous demand for bare necessities. The public wanted better things, more beauty.

As a part of this stirring of ideas, New York, nearly a quarter of a century ago, formed a municipal art commission of which I became president. The immediate reaction among architects was a belief that, to have any public building plan passed, it had become necessary that the design should be elaborate and covered with ornamentation. We spent several years teaching architects that simplicity is beauty; and that, to be good art, a design must be appropriate to use. If this was a typical reaction from men who had studied beauty, little wonder that the manufacturing, selling and consuming public also suffered from artistic blind spots.

Two events apparently unrelated carry this story forward.

Some of us, lured by a collector's hobby, had been delving

into that period which preceded the dark age of machine-made atrocities. What we found was beautiful, as well as of historical value. As a part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1909 we resolved to hold an exhibition of colonial arts and crafts. The objects selected were arranged as nearly as possible in their original settings. There for the first time large numbers of Americans saw, and instantly appreciated, this truly American art of another century.

Then in 1914, Europe went to war and such designers as we had imported were called home to the colors. Various industries clamored at the doors of our art schools.

Many museums, noting the interest in the Hudson-Fulton exhibition, began to collect colonial furniture, pictures and decorative objects. As a gift to the Metropolitan, Mrs. Russell Sage purchased the most famous private collection of Americana in the country. This collection and many representative interiors, collections of furniture and art objects, finally found their home in the "American Wing." Here were rooms such as those in which Miles Standish stood and the chronological story carries us forward to a ballroom in which George Washington danced, and tables across which men discussed the war of 1812.

It was not merely historical interest which this American Wing aroused. Collectors came, as did women from all states, and students of arts, architects from many cities, designers. Finally manufacturers and merchants came.

The collectors, led by Henry Ford, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry duPont and others have gone on bidding antiques upward until a highboy has sold for $44,000 and a single arm chair for $33,000; but this is now of little significance. The total is small when compared with the sum the public is spending on that which is "Colonial" by inspiration, adoption or adaptation.

So many came to the Metropolitan Museum seeking information that a commercial firm discovered that there would be profit in a book of accurately measured drawings of the exhibited furniture. The silversmiths came to school to masters one or two centuries dead. Wall paper factories sent their scouts, as did the textile industry. Room proportions, cornices and plaster reliefs all found their way into architectural volumes.

The pine tree came off the old silver shilling to become a decorative theme of a "best seller" in flat silver for the International Silver Company. Rogers' "Pieces of Eight" had an origin in the

same era. Unquestionably Paul Revere must have helped Gorham craftsmen design tea services.

Two trustees of the Metropolitan, one of them among the country's famous collectors, joined hands to give training and scope to modern craftsmanship in "The Company of Master Craftsmen," largely coöperative.

These things are typical. But the story can be told only in fragments — the whole of it is so big. The newest big hotel for working girls is Colonial in furnishings. From thousands of shelves cold cream is sold in jars redesigned from one of great-grandfather's snuff boxes.

But this is no craze. We have here literally a revolution in national taste; and there are strong evidences that with it has gone a genuine artistic awakening. Architectural lines are cleaner, simpler, more beautiful. "Grand Rapids" is no longer an artistic by-word: Grand Rapids has become a student of the arts.

We "borrow" and buy less from abroad; a National Retail Drygoods Association survey covering 69 stores scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific recently showed that of drapery, fabric and upholstery, 96 percent was a domestic manufacture. This showed a marked change from our old habits.

The Metropolitan Museum has had to struggle, one might say, to avoid becoming an "employment agency" so great are the demands on its staff for information regarding designers available for employ by manufacturing concerns. Hundreds, of course, come to the museum to study, to copy designs or work up new ones which have an "inspiration" in something some other artist has done long ago. These we put in touch with industries needing assistance.

The Museum was there, not merely as something to look at, but as something to serve the public and its industries and trades. We preached this when we could; but the listeners were not many until public interest in early Americana pointed the way.

We could not have aroused this national interest with tom-toms and brass drums. The public recognized in the domestic art of the pre-revolutionary era something better, more restful, more appropriate to American use than the alien decorative keynotes which had been dominant.

That thing which some called the "antique craze" has been translated into the homes of millions, changing buying habits, lifting the public taste. I think this awakening of the American public means new pleasure, a richer life; and that is its supreme justification.

All Washed Up

Condensed from The Mentor (March, '30)

Walter Davenport

BATHING has not always been looked upon with favor. The early Christians, eager to disavow all the customs of their Roman oppressors, frowned upon personal ablutions for almost 600 years. And in our own country there have been times when bathing was regarded as mere swank, or something worse. Under Puritan rule public bathing, however voluminously the person might be clad, was proscribed as a manifestation of a fleshly pride and a temptation to glorify the body. Still, there have always been a considerable number of people who simply would take a bath come what may and say what you might.

In the history of bathing, we find that there was a tendency either to ignore or to overindulge in the bath. We shall specify:

In some of the ancient Oriental monarchies — Persia, to select the brightest example — the bath was a considerable item in the establishment of the fashionable. It wasn't at all unusual for Darius to take two baths during the process of one feast. The first was quite likely to occur directly after the ragout and consume two hours of the 16 given over to feasting. Trumpets would blare, the guests arise (if they could). Slaves would appear and gently lift the great monarch, golden chair and all, and carry him to a large hall where he would be deposited on a black marble slab and disrobed. Applause, to which Darius was partial, was always being stimulated by crescendo music, and presently the king was borne forth, high above the heads of the admiring guests, and lowered gently into the perfumed waters. Several times the king would be sloshed gently to and fro before being released to demonstrate that he could swim if he had to.

Under Lycurgus, in Sparta, we behold the first recorded régime of organized physical culture, which program specified one hour of bathing every seven days. Lycurgus and his 9000 captains, holding in subjugation an army of 90,000 athletes, were so democratic in the body-building scheme that they scorned the warm baths of other nobles and took them cold in the open along with the common herd. In the absence of soap handfuls of sand were used, and one regrets that news-reels

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were centuries ahead when one reads that 99,000 giants gathered at the river and massaged each other's backs with wet sand.

The Greeks were the first to soften themselves with too much hot water. They perverted the bath, making it a depot of sensuality. They soft-boiled themselves. It was nothing for a gentleman of the upper classes to spend eight hours a day dawdling about the baths, going stale for the want of vitalized air and fresh ideas.

However, it remained for the Romans to make something important out of baths. The baths of Caracalla were enclosed in a walled square a quarter of a mile on each side. Within were 1600 seats for bathers and their guests and at the base of the walls were shops — clothing, jewelry, food. The clothing shops did a large business because curiously enough a great deal of thievery went on and it was indulged in principally by the bath attendants who, being slaves, received no wages but were expected to steal what they could.

You entered the *spoliatorium* where you undressed, entrusting your clothing to a person pretty sure to be unreliable. Then you proceeded to the *unctuarium*, where you would be rubbed down with oils. Thus veneered you sauntered into the *frigidarium*, or cool room, where, oiled against taking cold, you discoursed on the topics of the day. Herein the news of Rome, political, social, financial, was exchanged and enlarged. Reputations were made and wrecked there. Uprisings were plotted and detected. It got so bad that censors were installed.

Presently you decided to bathe and have done with it, whereat you repaired to the *tepidarium*, where you reclined on a marble couch and permitted your temperature to rise under the influence of a large furnace beneath the tiled floor.

If you were a normal person you were by this time ready for the *strigillus*. This was a curved instrument, something like a spoon and something like a small hoe. With it the body was scraped. The Romans had not yet reached the soap stage. The bathing was most vociferous — it was not the merry singing we moderns indulge in in our morning shower. Through those Roman arches rolled the hysterical protest from the ticklish and the hoarse pleas from the hirsute. The *strigillus* was no bath sponge.

The last of Rome's emperors was that feeble youth Romulus Augustulus, who was weakly sloshing about in a hot tub when Attila's Vandals and Huns entered Rome bent on pillage. All the fight washed out of him, as it were.

And thus we pass into the Middle Ages, which, for the most part, formed the most unsanitary years of humanity's journey up. In the Middle Ages a man bathed only when sick and not, even then, with a view to recovery. Being ill it was expected of him that he should die, and the bathing was merely by way of attending to burial details. Isabella of Spain was rather proud of the fact that she had had but two baths in her life: one when she was born and the second when she married Ferdinand. They gave her a third when she died.

It was in the 18th century that the forerunner of our modern bathroom came into our lives. I find nothing to prove who it was who created the first true bathroom, but Madame Maria Kuertko had four nice bathrooms — probably half the bathrooms in Russia — and is my nominee. La Kuertko had courage in high degree. She set up a charming establishment of 14 rooms in St. Petersburg, four of which she converted into baths. There was no end of talk about them. Even the great Catherine in her acres of palace had but one bathroom.

The bathtub, generally considered, was a rough affair and usually portable until well into the 19th century. It took various shapes. A favorite in France in the 1790's was the slipper bath, made of iron or copper. The occupant sat on a narrow shelf with his feet forward in the toe. The water had to be poured in and dipped out. Occasionally it was equipped with rollers and a chain. Benjamin Franklin fetched one from France with him and was the talk of America for it.

Napoleon was one of our outstanding bathtakers. Thrice on his way to Waterloo from Paris he halted to parboil himself in hot baths which would have cooked any ordinary human. Thus immersed he said he could think deeper and further.

Dolly Madison was the first Mistress of the White House to set aside special rooms for bathing and for installing tin tubs and stoves for heating water. Andrew Jackson hurled these relics of the lovely Dolly out, saying that they were obnoxious to the common people.

Today one can spend upwards of $75,000 on one bathroom. Such a bathroom becomes a small health resort. In addition to such bare necessities as lavatories, tubs, dressing tables, showers, sitz baths, foot baths, and what not, we may have pretty book racks that we can reach while lolling in our tub, a radio, a violet ray apparatus, a weighing and measuring machine, chest weights, a rowing machine, and even a typewriter.

Yes, bathing has become respectable, and a lot easier.

Wireless Reigns in Turkestan

Condensed from Discovery

Louise Strong

Social worker, lecturer and author of numerous books on Soviet Russia

NOWHERE in the world does wireless seem quite so much like magic as in ancient Turkestan in the heart of Asia, one of the earliest homes of settled humanity. Here among a native population still over 90 percent illiterate, wireless seems indeed like the return of their own Arabian Nights. At the outset in backward villages where hardly a soul can read, it was thought nothing less than the devil. Today even far away among the Pamirs, the "roof of the world" which lies between China, Russia and India, there are wireless sets. In these distant places they are seldom owned by individuals but are installed in village clubs and libraries, or in the little new theaters where the traveling cinema is displayed.

The Tashkent broadcasting station is supported by the Russian Department of Posts and Telegraphs and by the Department of Education. The programs are, therefore, educational but not heavily so, being largely governed by the requests of the listeners. The usual evening program begins at 6 o'clock with the "calendar" in the Uzbek language, transmitting the date, the hour, the weather and recent news to villages which cannot be reached by newspapers for many days or even weeks. The wireless reaches places which have no clocks or only unreliable ones and has thus introduced time to Central Asia. The program continues with perhaps a simple talk on "Travels in the Soviet Republic" to acquaint the listeners with the geography of their own country. Then there is a half hour concert of Uzbek music. — That of the West displeases Central Asians; they write many letters protesting against the programs of European music, "those strange sounds that hurt our ears." — After this comes the "calendar" in the Khirgiz language and then another concert by artists from the Caucasus. On other evenings there may be a talk on "Economic Developments of Central Asia" or on history, physics or chemistry. Most of the population are very eager for knowledge.

The native peasantry begins to go to bed at 8 o'clock in the distant villages and the hour arrives for the Russian program. Scattered across Central Asia are lonely groups of Russians,

peasant colonists, workers on the railways and on the big farms of the Cotton Trust and in its scientific stations, frontier officials on the borders of Afghanistan and China, and to all these pioneers the wireless provides the unique link with central authority.

"The wireless station is like a big father to the people," said the manager of the broadcasting station at Tashkent. "Often we are the only connection with the central cities and government. A young radio amateur writes 'Is it permitted under Soviet law for a man to have two wives? Yet the president of our village Soviet has recently taken a second young wife, and it is said he even gave kalym (bride-money) for her. Please announce the village so that our people may be shamed into action.' The announcement was made. Two weeks later word came that the village had been so startled by having its backwardness exposed to all Central Asia that they held an emergency election meeting and ejected the president."

Another letter came from a peasant woman who could not read or write herself, but who had begged a traveling representative of the Women's Movement to write for her. "Since I unveiled, my husband beats me mercilessly," she said. "Please announce the fact with his name and the name of our village, so that he may be shamed before the members in our village club where we have a loud speaker."

"These distant places," said the manager, "have their village Soviet president, but he is often illiterate or dishonest. They appeal perhaps to the county and find it corrupt. Somewhere higher up they believe there may be justice. So they write to the radio station, the only place they know in the big town." The government realizes what a valuable connection it is with distant people. They have increased its budget every year. A case cited to show the opportunity of wireless was that of a village high up in the Pamirs beyond mountain passes which can be crossed only for a few weeks each summer. All the rest of the year the villages are shut from the world entirely, except through an occasional mountaineer who risks his life to cross the high snow peaks. He comes to Tashkent and brings a message to the broadcasting station. "On such and such a day in our village," he tells us, "we are to open our club with a new loud speaker. We would all appreciate it very much if you would send us congratulations over the air." He tells the achievements of the new club and its problems; and on the appointed day half the celebration is in the excitement of hearing about themselves from the distant city.

The Ideal Wife

Condensed from Delineator (April, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature at Yale University

WHO invented marriage? I do not know; if I did, I should place his name above the greatest inventors of merely scientific contraptions. I say "his" advisedly, because I am certain it was a man. No woman would have thought of such a thing, and if she had, she would have thought twice before mentioning it. Almost any woman can get along fairly well without a husband; she is in her inmost mind as independent and self-sufficient as a cat. A bachelor is like a lost dog. Even if he has so much money that he can furnish his apartment luxuriously, it is only a glorified kennel. As a rule, he never goes there so long as anything else is open.

Among all novelists, the most consummate artist was the Russian, Ivan Turgenef. He had the satisfaction of knowing, while he was yet alive on earth, that he had written immortal books, that his works would never be forgotten. What did he think of all that? He was a bachelor. He said that he would give all his art, all his books, all his fame, if there were one woman in the world who cared whether he came home late to dinner.

The paradox of wives is that they are at once more idealistic and more practical than their husbands. They are an inspiration and a leveler. They are believers in the church, in the symphony concert, in the art gallery, and in poetry. They allure to brighter worlds and lead the way. At the same time, they bring their men back from futile rages over trivialities. They are practical.

If we relied on contemporary novels for our information concerning the success of marriage as an "institution," we should be pessimists. Happy the nation that has no history. Happy the marriage which has no news. An unhappy marriage is still "news," which is why it is featured in sensational papers and made the foundation of novels. If we used reading instead of observation, we might easily be led to believe that the first year of married life is the happiest; that passion, then aflame, is soon extinct; that husband and wife regard each other with an indifference that sinks into contempt. The facts are quite otherwise.

When I was a young man, a college friend of mine was married

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to a charming girl; on the wedding trip he was smitten with illness, and in a few days was dead. Talking about that to a much older man, I exclaimed, "Is there anything more tragic than that?" To my surprise, he replied, "Oh, yes — they had been married only a few days. It would have been more tragic if they had been married twenty-five years. Real tragedy is the loss of a lifelong mate." He was right.

The deep meaning of love is not found in passionate exclamations of frenzied adoration; it is seen in casual remarks, such as, "Now don't go out without your rubbers on," and in a real concern for the mate when he sneezes. For a man to live in solid contentment, there must be some one with whom he comes *first*. When he loses her, there is no one to take her place.

The capacity of women to *stand by* their men, their husbands, their sons, and their brothers, is one of their sublimest characteristics. The innumerable number of men over whom hangs that constant tragic fear, the fear of losing their job — for men need, even more than higher wages, security of tenure — know that the most tragic element in it (when it comes) will be telling the woman waiting at home. Yet how many thousand men who have been told their "services are no longer needed," going home in despair to tell the woman dependent on the bread-winner, find from her lips, instead of taunts, or what is worse, silent acquiescence in a husband who is a failure, the words of comfort, of support, and of reassuring faith.

The greatest literary artist in American history, our foremost novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, not only owed his success to the daily inspiration of his wife, but his only opportunity to compose first his mind, and then his masterpiece. If it had not been for Sophia, perhaps we should not now remember Nathaniel. He lost his job in the Custom House. A broken-hearted man, he went home to tell his wife that he was a failure. To his amazement, she beamed with joy, and said, "Now you can write your book!" To his bitter rejoinder, "Yes, and what shall we live on while I am writing it?" the astounding woman opened a drawer and took out an unsuspected hoard of cash. "Where on earth did you get that?" "My husband, I have always known that you were a man of genius. I knew that some day you would write an immortal masterpiece. So every week, out of the money you have given me for housekeeping, I have saved something; here is enough to last us one whole year." Hawthorne sat down and wrote the finest book ever written in the western hemisphere — "The Scarlet Letter."

What's Wrong with Farmers?

Condensed from The Country Home (March, '30)

Sinclair Lewis
Author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Elmer Gantry," etc.

I AM writing on a Vermont farm. There is a silence that encloses the world like a crystal globe. On these side roads there isn't even the sound of a motor. Perhaps one out of every two farms is abandoned. It is a lovely country and dead.

It oughtn't to be dead.

Here are not only hills as beautiful as England or Italy, but excellent soil. It is rocky, yes, but it supported once a far greater population than now, and it could be fertile again. But not until farmers learn to look at their problems realistically.

Just as there is a tradition in America that professional men are somehow superior to business men, so there is a tradition that farmers are, 100 percent of them, superior to factory workers; that they are more honest and courageous — able to face the loneliness of the country, with no need for the crowds, the shops and the movies.

Often that is true. And often it isn't. Often the farmer is what the psychologists call an "escapist." The escapist is the man who avoids complications involved in associations with other human beings by fleeing to a simpler life. My own craft of authorship is particularly infested with escapists. I suspect that no few explorers, so highly praised for daring jungle heat or ice floes, are really escapists who have found these physical pains easier to endure than the emotional stress of staying home and getting along with their wives and neighbors.

And there are plenty of escapists among farmers as well; plenty of farmers who find it easier to rise by candlelight, to drive ten miles through a wallow of mud, to endure chaff down a sweaty neck at harvest, than to get along with the foreman and the practical-joking fellow workers in a factory. Well, if they prefer the lonelier but less complicated life, splendid. But let them not take credit for heroism.

The day of the lone and independent farmer is passing. The young farmer who is just getting into his stride today, who is not content with the sort of farming in which he is entirely helpless before an unscientific system of marketing, who is ambitious to make farming not an escape but an accomplishment, must think not only of his own problem but of

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that of every other farmer in the country, and his motto must be — "in union there is strength."

There are of course a number of agencies in or through which farmers work together. There are coöperative marketing schemes, and there are gigantic farms such as that of Campbell of Montana in which one man or one small group of men control from 10,000 to 100,000 acres with most of the workers as employes. But farmers have not yet tried out the greatest of all possible modes of combination — a combination of the farmers themselves, remaining as partners, sharing their energy and their land.

Here is the sort of combination already possible, or soon to be possible: 300 farmers, with an average of 200 acres each, form together a 60,000-acre farm. This is a plot nine miles by ten. In the center is the village in which all the 300 farmers and their families and "hired men" dwell, making a group of about 1350 people.

The village has comfortable cottages with running water. Community laundries, baking ovens and baths make these cottages and the domestic upkeep immensely cheaper than if each were built far from its neighbors. There are community stores, school, movies, doctor, part-time dentist and a creamery.

No longer will the children have to trudge miles to school. And the farm wives are no longer lonely. I do not forget the sight, in the State Insane Asylum at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, of the women prisoners of the prairie farm kitchen — stove and flies all summer, snowy bleakness all winter — who had gone mad only through loneliness, and for whom the cure is so simple a thing as encouraging them to sit and rock and knit and chatter together!

Nearest to the village, at its edge, are the fowl yards, the cattle stables, the garages with their community mechanic, the community carpenter shop; then the pastures, orchards, hayfields, grain; farthest of all the woodland, a forest as carefully cut and replanted as are those in Germany which put us to shame.

The workers in the fields and forest are taken to work, not each in his rickety flivver, but together, in a community bus. And they do not take tin boxes of cold lunch; their lunches are brought to them hot, cooked far better than most of our untrained farm wives can cook, in just such chow-wagons as the army uses. They have all day the healthful and natural employment of the farmer; they return every evening to all the companionship and life and convenience of the town. The centralizing also simplifies electrification.

But would it pay?

Well, which would pay Mr.

Ford or Mr. Chrysler better, to manufacture his cars by handwork in little cottages a mile one from another, or all together in vast shops? Essentially — once the farmer gets over his idea of superiority to all other workmen — *essentially there is no difference* between manufacturing wheat and manufacturing flour; no difference between manufacturing milk and manufacturing cheese; no difference between manufacturing *wool and manufacturing woolen clothing*.

Will it pay?

Is it more or less economical for several farmers to buy a piece of machinery in common when it is used only part of the time, or for each of them to buy it and let it stand idle most of the year? Is it more or less economical to send one man to the nearest larger town for the community buying, or to have each of the 300 go for himself?

Will it pay?

Which would be more economical: the present system whereby a good share of the farmers are idle except for chores and wood cutting during the winter, while others go off, often hundreds of miles, leaving their families, to work in factories; or for a community to own a factory on the edge of the village, to absorb their extra energy all winter long?

There is nothing original in my plans. On the other hand there is nothing fanciful and impractical. Every detail has been tried, but not all of them have been intelligently combined — just as not till a few years ago did any manufacturer give a group of engineers a chance to build a completely adequate factory, with proper routing of raw materials and output.

But, again, *will it pay?*

Not unless there arises in America a very considerable number of keen and ambitious youngsters, freed from old superstitions and timidities, who are willing to work together; who are willing to obey the farm bosses whom they themselves elect just as today they obey the sheriff or constable whom they elect; a group of youngsters to whom a flivver and going to the movies and wearing store clothes are, however desirable, not the only luxury in life; who can see farming as an adventure profitable as manufacturing, companionable as any militia drill, skilled as chemistry and as honest and healthy as — well, as farming!

From Coco Palms to Coconut Oil

Condensed from the Scientific American (June, '30)

Charles W. Geiger and Ruth Sabichi

COPRA, the dried meat of the coconut, has figured in the romance of world trade since the days of Magellan. The story of the coconut is the story of the economic progress of the Philippine Islands, to which it has contributed more than any other product, with the possible exception of hemp. Few plants, if any, are as serviceable to primitive man as is the coconut. The nut meat is eaten as food; the oil is useful in making edible fats and soap, and is also used for illumination; the tree roots provide a dye, and the trunks, building material; the leaves are employed for thatching roofs; the midrib of the leaf is used for making baskets, brooms, and brushes; the fiber from the nut husk is woven into ropes and mats; and the nut shells, in addition to providing fuel, are shaped into cups, ladles, spoons, and other utensils.

Under primitive conditions, the production of coconuts, copra, and coconut oil was confined to groves of wild palms. These uncultivated trees still constitute a considerable source of supply when the market price is sufficiently attractive to the natives. The coco palm, however, is now cultivated like any other staple agricultural product, and large plantations are to be found throughout the tropics.

In domestic cultivation, it is customary to set out the trees in rows, about 30 feet apart, giving room for about 48 to the acre. Crops of abaca, or Manila hemp, and other quickly growing plants, are usually grown between the rows. During the fifth or sixth year, the trees begin to bear, and after the seventh year the planter can reap an annual harvest of 15 or more nuts from each tree. The trees reach maturity at the age of ten years, when about 70 nuts per tree are collected annually. In rare instances, as many as 500 nuts have been harvested in a year from a single tree, and trees have been known to continue to produce after reaching an age of 150 years.

The natives crack open the nuts with a machete. The broken nut meats are then placed in the sun to dry. Sometimes the broken pieces are placed on drying racks under which coconut husks are burned to speed the drying process. The resulting smoke-colored copra is called "smoke-dried" to

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distinguish it from that which has been sun-dried. The fire-drying method is used in regions where excessive rain makes natural drying impossible. Mechanical driers are employed on some of the larger plantations, but the practice has not become prevalent.

The natives have various ways of disposing of their crop. In some districts they sell their copra direct to the dealers at trading stations operated by the exporters. Chinese merchants in the small towns also acquire much of the local copra stocks, usually giving merchandise in exchange. The coconuts are frequently made into "rafts," and are floated down the rivers to market.

Some years ago it was the practice to ship almost all of the copra overseas for crushing and conversion into coconut oil, but a few mills have been established in the Philippines, in India, and in the Dutch East Indies. These local mills have become important factors in the copra market, exerting a balancing influence on the market price of copra and oil.

Copra first became an important item in world commerce in 1886, although a French sailing vessel had carried a load of coconuts to Marseilles as early as 1750. Marseilles soon became a manufacturing center for copra products, and is still one of the most important copra importing ports in the world. It was in France that the first butter substitute, consisting of coconut oil and peanut oil, was produced.

The phenomenal growth of the copra industry in the United States is shown by the fact that imports in 1920 amounted to 218,521,916 pounds, of which only seven percent came from the Philippines. By 1927, our copra imports had increased to 450,-994,519 pounds, of which 72 percent came from the Philippines. About two-thirds of the American copra imports were consigned to the major Pacific Coast ports — San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle.

Originally coconut oil extracted from copra at the source was shipped to San Francisco and other ports in five-gallon cases, barrels, and drums. Then a system was perfected whereby the oil was shipped in tank steamers and in deep tanks on passenger and cargo vessels operating between America and the Orient. This practice immediately revolutionized the transportation situation; for years the great ocean steamers had been carrying petroleum from this country to the Orient and returning in ballast, until someone thought out a practical scheme of carrying the coconut oil on the return voyage. A number of tank steamers are now engaged in transporting pe-

troleum from Pacific Coast points to the Orient, returning with a capacity cargo of coconut oil in the same tanks.

Of course it was necessary to devise a very effective system of cleaning the tanks of the ships before filling them with edible oil. After the petroleum cargo has been removed, a charge of live steam is forced into the tanks. This is continued for a period of 12 to 24 hours. After pumping out the bilges, and waiting a sufficient length of time for the interiors to cool, men are sent down into the tanks to clean them as thoroughly as possible. Later, upon arrival at the port where the coconut oil is taken on, the tanks are given a final cleaning.

The most important factor in handling coconut oil is temperature, for in order to keep the oil in a liquid state, the temperature must be more than 70 degrees, Fahrenheit. Under cooler conditions, it hardens into a dense material resembling butter or lard. Consequently it is necessary to provide heating pipes in the tanks of the steamers, in storage tanks, and in the tank cars used for distributing the oil in the United States. In many cases, the delivery hoses have a small heating tube running down the center, carrying steam or hot water.

In making coconut oil, the copra is first put through expellers which force out about 25 percent of the oil content. The residue is then ground into meal, and the remaining oil is squeezed out by hydraulic presses. Most of the oil is then filtered, and used for the manufacture of soap, shaving cream, shampoo solutions, and a long list of cosmetics. Some of the coconut oil is used for edible products, and must be refined several times to remove free fatty acids, color, and odor.

Besides being used in making margarine, the oil is employed in manufacturing thin sugar wafers, cookies, candies, and for shortening in cakes and pies. About 63 percent of the copra is converted into coconut oil, and the remaining 37 percent is used as coconut meal, which has high food value and is used as a feed for stock and poultry. About three-fifths of the coconut oil consumed in this country is used in the soap industry; one-fifth is used in the production of margarine, and practically all of the remainder is consumed in the manufacture of candy and biscuits.

The Unfinished Business of Education

Condensed from The Redbook Magazine (January, '30)

John Erskine

Educator and novelist; author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad," etc.

IF your child goes up from kindergarten to college, you observe that he is constantly introduced to subjects which are abandoned almost as soon as begun. In our system, something must be dropped. If the student is not industrious, the school drops him. If he makes progress, he drops the subject.

When children begin their education in any good school, they are developed in all their talents, encouraged to realize their possibilities in all directions. They are stimulated and to some extent trained in the arts and crafts; the education of their bodies is correlated with the development of their minds; and their curiosity is excited over their relation to their fellows and their opportunities and responsibilities as individuals in a society. In other words, they are encouraged to believe that man's natural enthusiasms and out-reachings to the world about him are proper and important.

The moment, however, they take a step upward in their educational career, their studies become narrower and the results of them less evident. When they enter the high school, they must drop many of the subjects that stimulated them in the grades; when they enter college, they must drop some of the fruitful subjects of high school, and almost everything that interested them in kindergarten; when they reach the graduate school, they drop everything except the pursuit of the subject which is supposed to be good for their profession. The implication is forced upon them that their arts and crafts and their social curiosity are after all less important as a preparation for life than the traditional subject-matter.

There could be no reasonable objection, of course, to specialization for a career, but the narrowing process leaves some of us at present with the suspicion that the subjects dropped are more important than those retained, and that the student as he advances in our educational system retires from a good education. Certainly he retires from that part of his education which fits him to live in peace and harmony with himself. And whether the ability to follow a profession is more valuable than the ability to live happily, at least we observe a break rather than a connection

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between early and later studies.

Children seem to be, on the average, happier in the kindergarten years than in high school or college. As they grow up, their zest for learning dies, or is taken away from them. The success of the early period is at least partly explained by the fact that the subjects there pursued appeal naturally to the average child. They would also appeal, however, to the average adult. But by the time the student has reached his senior year of college, an immense effort has been made to transfer his interest from a direct concern in life to an indirect preoccupation with it. We ask him to be critical and reflective where before we asked him to be creative. We invite him to live less that he may think more, and he frequently responds by neither living nor thinking.

Why should we not educate by developing continuously the subjects begun in kindergarten? Imagine a system in which the arts the children practice, the plays they write and act, the songs they compose and sing, the stories and verses they make up, were really the basis of their later studies. High-school and college literature, for example, could then be studied from the point of view of life, of the experience, immediate and esthetic, which the works express, from the point of view of human beings who are themselves creative and trained to live in the imagination. In kindergarten we realize that life supplies the most insistent matter for study. Why not continue with this theory?

It may be said that it is all very well for children to practice the arts in their idle years, but that when they are of age to do serious study, they must master history, philosophy, and literature; and that the reading of these books takes a great deal of time.

As a person who is primarily a maker of books I object violently to what is implied by such a curriculum — that to understand literature you must read all the great writers, that to understand history you must then and there, while in school, make a survey of the history of all countries.

Is it not more sensible to hold that if once we give the student an intelligent love of reading, he may continue to read for the rest of his life? Why must he cover the entire field before he is 21? Too many of our students finish their college course with less interest in reading than they had in elementary school.

Let us examine another peculiarity of the educational system: We teach boys separately and girls separately, and we also teach boys and girls together. Nobody knows which way is best, or whether there is any real

difference, but there is a general unwillingness to inquire, because to do so would raise the question of sex which American education officially ignores.

Our colleges used to follow the monastic ideal. Dean Van Amringe said once that you could not teach a boy mathematics if there was a pretty girl in the classroom, or if you could under those circumstances, he wasn't worth teaching. Perhaps the remark implied some truths we haven't yet reckoned with. Coëducation has come to stay; yet we are strangely reluctant to observe the consequences.

Older educators who regret the passing of the monastic ideal complain that the young people now have an obsession on sex. In the monastic ideal there was also an obsession on sex, but under an inverted rather than a natural form. The interest in sex is no greater than it has been for centuries, but certainly the education of the sexes together has produced a new condition to which we have not yet adjusted.

While we resolutely ignore sex, we require young people to fill their minds with the greater secular literature of the world. We upbraid them for their petting parties, we are scandalized by their emotional adventures; yet we expect them to read "Romeo and Juliet," "The Iliad," the songs of Burns. So long as outward appearances are fairly correct, we make heroic efforts to believe that all is well. Should these young people quite openly get married, however, we dismiss them from college. Fortunately there begin to be many institutions where marriage is no longer considered a desecration of the monastery; but in most places still the undergraduate who marries is expected to abandon his studies at once. In other words, we are not yet prepared for the effect of the education we give.

If you attend a college prom you will see young people extremely busy falling in love. I don't know how deep some of them fall. I am sure, however, that they could go no further than did the heroes and heroines of the books they are asked to read in literature classes. Some wise people would remedy the inconsistency by banning the classics. This advice is in effect a suggestion that we restore the monasteries. Perhaps we should either restore them completely or begin to understand that into the old monastic shell a new life has crept, very secular, very natural, very, if you choose, pagan.

This new life is nothing more or less than the modern world, and in spite of our pretense to be scientific, to be sympathetic to our environment, the gravest insufficiency of our education, in the upper stages of it, is our

failure to carry out resolutely the training in social observation and responsibility to our fellows which we began in kindergarten. The question which ought to concern the educator is not the wild behavior of occasional youth, but the persistent blindness of our tradition to the forces which make them wild.

The young people in college are at an age when Nature sees to it that they fall in love. The experience may be infinitely sacred, or infinitely shabby, and in either case it will probably have more influence upon their character and upon the outward circumstance of their character, than all their studies; but American education so far considers this matter outside its province. It refuses to step across the threshold of the monastery and teach life.

You may say that these children are too young to make so serious a choice, that they are the victims of a passing mood. In seriousness, and with much sadness, one may ask what reason is there to believe they will choose more wisely later, if meanwhile we withhold from them what little wisdom there is in the world on this vast subject? The conditions of human happiness in all the social relations ought to be worthy of study, and those serious men and women who try to make available for the young the experience of their elders, bought often at a heavy price, ought to be welcome. The fact is, however, that those scientific men and women who have tried to clear the ground for some wisdom in this field, writers of the stature of Havelock Ellis, for example, have been in most academic circles frowned on, as though they were rendering the ideal of marriage less noble by studying the conditions in which it can be happy.

Just because these pressing social problems are not adequately treated in the curriculum of high school and college, there is a tendency on the part of many teachers to digress from their proper fields and discuss these more urgent matters. Sometimes the digressions seem justified by the results. In most cases, however, they produce little besides irritation, on the part of either the students or their parents, or of the authorities in charge of the school or college. The teacher is criticized for not sticking to the subject he was engaged to impart. On the other hand, he has passed, by quite natural steps, from that subject matter to the theme which clamors for treatment by somebody. Every such controversy between teacher and institution indicates some fester in our intellectual life which our educational system is trying to conceal, instead of lancing it boldly and effecting a return to health.

The Relation of Skyscrapers to Our Life

Condensed from The Architectural Forum (May, '30)

Ralph Thomas Walker

Member of the prominent New York architectural firm of Voorhees, Gmelin & Walker

SKYSCRAPERS are criticized as being just a means of obtaining more use from land, therefore more rent and more return on the capital invested in the land in the first place. There is also an element of vanity in them. A man like Woolworth built the Woolworth tower as a personal expression. Chrysler is doing the same thing. But there are enough skyscrapers being built in New York that have a definite relation to life to prove the point that I am going to make. The skyscraper, to my mind, is the only means, and I am making that very broad, of living in this age of the machine. It is a perfect example as an expression and a reflection of the age. If we can make the assumption that the skyscraper exists as a means of living and not just a means of making money, I think we are going to have an entirely different point of view. We shall then try to design the city to take care of the skyscraper, instead of trying to impose the skyscraper on a city that was planned for a wholly different type of building.

It is very easy to contemplate a skyscraper, — we are making a study in our office of this condition, — taking the place of a village. We are taking a unit of Radburn, N. J., which is claimed to be a town built for the automobile age, with a unit of some 36 houses. Placing the equivalent of these 36 houses in a skyscraper, we find that we could build fireproof homes, give all the people hill-top sites, give them more bathrooms, give them a garage with a complete workshop, a nursery for children, so that the women need not stay at home to take care of the children, — all this for less than we could build a series of individual houses.

One can easily see that we could make an enormous saving in all the roads, sewage and water supply; the electric light company could make a saving on its pole lines, the telephone company could make a saving on its pole lines and its services, and we can begin to pool the results actually.

Now, economically that is so. One will say that socially it is not so good. We would not care to live in that sort of housing. I belong to a generation that was born in private houses. But this is becoming less true. The sentiment attached to a house from the standpoint of its being a birth-

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place is passing away. Most children now are born in hospitals. The sentiment connected with the fact that the house was the homestead of the family has already disappeared, here in America. No one thinks of the single-family house any longer as a homestead. If the women no longer occupy only the position of the housekeeper in the home, but instead demand greater freedom, this is also going to take away some of the sentiment of the single-family house, and we shall find that community housing will become more and more common.

One can actually save land by building a skyscraper. The builders of Radburn used about 30 percent of the total area for housing, and in this city we built on the Radburn idea, we used 5 percent. We regained an enormous amount of area which we could actually use for play and recreation. Under the present system in Radburn, there is no real land devoted to recreation. All of the tennis courts shown on the Radburn plan are temporary and planned to be moved off whenever the land is needed.

This suggests to a certain extent the social side of the skyscraper. I should now like to take up the subject of the city plan.

Most skyscrapers are built in cities which were planned for two- or three-story houses. The streets were planned for the horse-drawn vehicle and for pedestrians. Upon a city thus planned we have endeavored to superimpose a type of building that is 100 stories high, and upon the streets of this city a motor transportation which, to get economy out of it at all, should proceed at least at 40 miles an hour.

One of the reasons for our streets' being jammed by the automobile is not the existence of the skyscraper. The fault lies not in the building itself, but in the means by which we handle the freight that is brought to it. Many of the side streets, one will find, are used for parking. We can get four lanes of cars going through these side streets, but two of them are generally taken up by parked vehicles. When a truck is "staggered" on the street to get freight off the rear end, the width of the street is reduced to one lane of traffic. This condition exists at almost any time during the day. Actually, parking and freight delivery belong to a building and not to the street at all. The streets should be used for the purpose for which they were designed, which is motion. *All parking and freight delivery should be within the building* on the first floor. Where foundation conditions permit, we might put the parking grade below.

One will ask, perhaps, that if

we use the first floor for the handling of freight and parking, where are we going to place our shops? Well, it is just as easy to build shops on the second floor. In fact, if these skyscrapers get to a point where one of them is covering several blocks (with wide streets all around) and housing for business and living a population of from 50,000 to 60,000 people, — and that is entirely possible, because the building of the New York Life, it is contemplated, will house 30,000 people during working hours and it covers only one block, — this population is that of a second-class city. One will find that by necessity this building will have a certain number of stores to take care of its tenants. The thing we have to get into our minds in thinking of a skyscraper is that it is not a *building* but a *city*.

The logical thing to do in designing a skyscraper would be to arrange for courts coming down through the building, and then use the ground floor for parking and for delivery of freight. We are coming to be a people who depend on elevators and not on stairs. It doesn't make any difference, once we get into an elevator, whether we go up one floor or ten floors or 40 floors, and it will soon be 100 floors. The time element is not important. The only time element of any importance in an elevator is how long we have to wait for it. We are all children of swift motion these days, and riding on an elevator is not any more unpleasant than riding in an automobile or an airplane. Stores may therefore be on upper floors.

In that skyscraper which I have sketched for you, occupying three blocks or more and having vertical transportation, the horizontal transportation will be within its walls, which will take a great deal of the floating population off the streets, as well as off the subway.

Under such a plan as this we shall be leading coöperative lives in every way except socially, and gradually we shall begin to lead a coöperative social life. Then life will be entirely coöperative. In other words, grocery stores and meat stores logically belong to a community. They should buy more cheaply because they buy in bulk. Their rent will be lower, and in fact one of the things that I think a skyscraper will do when it is fully developed will be to give people more value for their dollars, and then they will have more dollars left to spend on things other than living. That is not true today, but the tendency is in that direction.

Wanted: A Grenfell for the Southern Negro

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (April 2, '30)

Archibald Rutledge

Author of "Old Plantation Days," "Children of Swamp and Wood," etc.

WHEN Peter Small came to see me, I was shocked at the change that had come over him. Almost from boyhood days he had been something of an athletic hero to me, this Negro woodsman.

When, after an absence of a few years, I had returned to the plantation, Peter had come into the yard with the walk of a doomed man. Gone were the self-reliance, the lithe panther-step.

"Cap'n," he said, "you don't mind if I keep my cap on?"

I did not mind, but I found out later that he kept it on because he did not want me to see the ghastly hole, a quarter of an inch in diameter, just below the center of his forehead. The bone was tubercular.

I asked Peter how long he had been afflicted.

"About three years," he told me.

"Has a doctor seen you?"

"No."

A doctor would never see him. There was nothing for him but to lie down and die — and die he did. Why? Because the South has no Wilfred Grenfell. His case is typical of thousands of others.

Whatever may have been its original stamina, the Negro race is now one peculiarly liable to disease. I believe that ethnology teaches that in the contacts of unequal races, the secondary race is peculiarly liable to succumb to those vices and those diseases against which the dominant race has, by slow inoculation, gradually fortified itself.

The hydra-headed demon syphilis, together with its related furies, all other forms of venereal disease — these plagues constitute the greatest menace that the Negro race in America now faces. Statisticians hold that 65 percent of the black race have this insidious infection, as against 27 percent of the white race. A Grenfell in the South would have to anticipate the fact that most of his work will have to be done against these obscure and, in a sense, disgusting afflictions.

Not long ago I was talking with an old country practitioner of the South. "My white patients," he said, "don't want me to take these other cases for fear of infection. Nor can you blame them."

I asked him if he did any practice among the rural Negroes.

"Almost every day," he said, "but there is not only no finan-

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cial return, but very little favorable reaction, the reasons being that medicines are not intelligently given; Negroes can afford no diet foods; and the whole sanitary system of these poor people is an ally to every disease that comes their way. Also, they never come to me in time. I am rarely called in to see a Negro until he is doomed."

"Why don't they come for help earlier?" I inquired.

"There are two reasons. One is that they pay no attention to danger signals, to slight ailments. The other is that they are humbly conscious of their utter inability to pay a doctor. 'Doctors is for white folks,' they say."

"What," I asked, "would be the attitude of the native white population toward the establishment of a hospital for Negroes alone?"

My friend looked at me keenly.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said. "You are a native yourself."

It can hardly be denied that the South still recollects the Civil War and the war measure freeing slaves. Suddenly the old masters were confronted, in the midst of the fearful collapse of their own civilization, with the infinitely difficult and unrewarded task of caring for the millions of freedmen, some of them drunk with the new wine of physical freedom. The abolitionist should have followed up his own work. But the former masters were compassionate, even in their ruin; and it is not too much to say that there is hardly a white family of the rural South which, since the Civil War, has not literally pensioned, in one way or another, from one to a score of Negro families. A natural pride in this charity has created a curious jealousy over interference from other sources, as if such interference meant criticism; and a feeling of distrust, not of the genuine spirit behind such assistance, but of the ability of its proponents to preserve that delicate and indispensable balance between the races.

A white Grenfell in the South will encounter in the Negro himself superstitions that militate darkly and powerfully against the science of medicine. Plantation Negroes still believe profoundly in spirits, good and evil; and in charms; and a little belief in sorcery goes a long way. A doctor has always to contend not alone with a Negro's physical ailment, but to some degree with those obscure taints of the mind which are the infections of superstition.

On one occasion one of my Negro woodchoppers cut his foot deeply with an axe. I knew nothing of the accident until three days later when I found him at home with a ghastly wound which was distinctly green in color.

"What did you put in that cut?" I asked.

"Auntie Rose tell me to put three cents in it, and tie it up," he told me. Forcing copper pennies into a wound is a favorite treatment among rural Negroes. In this case gangrene had set in. I got the man to a hospital in Charleston, where he survived the amputation of his leg.

It is perhaps fitting to ask, "Does the South desire the welfare of the Negro?" Speaking as a southerner, who has lived for 27 years in the north, I would reply that we must define "welfare." If it means the condition in which the Negro is happiest and the white man safest, the South religiously desires it. But if it means a movement toward social and political equality, tending at length toward rivalry, and consequent bloodshed, the South does not desire it. The situation *is* complex, and has to be so accepted. There is a barrier to the physical betterment of the Negro, and that barrier is the disconcerting, unethical, but very practical query, what will be the effect of your welfare program upon the welfare of the white population? Will your gracious charity bear the fruit of graver racial problem?

It is, of course, quite natural to ask why the South does not produce her own Grenfells. One reason has just been given; another is that the South is financially far behind the North; still another is that doing missionary work for the Negro has for the southerner no charm of novelty. We send a great many missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth, and permit the needy and the helpless to die at our doors.

There is, I think, no lovelier land than the old plantation regions of the Carolinas — a land of hyacinth days and camellia nights. Nature there triumphs in giant trees, in great rivers, in lustrous fragrant fields, in an exotic profusion of wildflowers. But on this beauty a blight is set. Here thousands of humble black peasants come into the world, live, are afflicted, and die — completely beyond the splendid consoling pale of modern medicine. The peasant of Newfoundland has his modern hospitals. But in all the wide and beauteous South, proud of her history, rich in glamour — charitable, too — in this earthly paradise festers the neglected Negro, with no Grenfell to save him.

The Large Need for Small Talk

Condensed from Columbia (May, '30)

Josephine MacDonald

YOU will find some people thinking that school is the place for their children to acquire an interest in learning. Poor children who do not acquire it! Their parents are dissatisfied with them and with their schools; their schools are dissatisfied with them and with their homes; they are dissatisfied with themselves, their schools, and their homes. And nobody seems to know where the trouble lies. If somebody were to suggest that the trouble might lie with the Sunday dinner, that somebody would be called crazy. But let us think about it.

It is not a question of indigestion, of course. It is a question of conversation. The conversation at the Sunday dinner of the average American home centers about the high price of roast beef. It may excite Johnny's imagination to the point of visualizing the butcher at the corner store as a sort of robber but beyond that, roast beef means only a good dinner to him. Yet, why couldn't it mean pictures of the rolling plains of Argentina and of our West? Why couldn't it mean the picturesque story of herding and ranching, history of sheep and cattle herders' wars, pictures of cattle shipping on the hoof, of slaughtering, packing, wholesale and retail selling? Why couldn't it, in other words, give Johnny an eager brain and a vivid imagination?

The second most popular subject of Sunday dinner table conversation is spots on the tablecloth. In fact, a tablecloth, to most families, means little except a place for spots. But once in a while there is a mother who tells her children, as she spreads the clean linen, that it was made in Ireland — and that may begin a hundred stories. Dishes may begin a hundred more, from the unearthing of Aztec pottery to the exquisite work of French manufacturers who make modern dinnerware, and on still further to the ancient, romantically mysterious stories of glass making and glass coloring. And coloring may lead to the subject of colors themselves and to a hundred stories, conjectures and observations.

Once in a while there is a father who takes the young ones out for a walk before the Sunday dinner, and guides them to the museum, the aquarium, or the town's historic spots. Or he takes

them over to the new house that is being built, where they can see wood that was hauled from the woods in winter and floated down wide rivers in the spring and summer, with agile log men guiding the lead logs to prevent blockades. Or he just takes them walking along the river-bank, sucking at oranges that came from California or Florida groves, and telling them of oil flares that must be lighted in the groves when frost is threatening.

How many parents send or bring their youngsters out for wild flowers for the table? How many of them know flower stories? How many even notice the water on the table enough to tell stories about the advance in water service? Most of them lived when they had to throw a bucket down the well and pull it up with a rope, or duck an oaken bucket by its pole, or at least use a pump. And don't they suppose that the children love to hear of all that, and of how the ice had to be broken in the well sometimes before the bucket could get its load, and how a kettleful of hot water had to be poured over the pump every winter morning to coax the frost out of its joints?

Even the most generous parents are apt to be somewhat stingy with their children in this matter of small talk. It *is* small talk when you tell about the Jack o' Lantern that used to shine from some unknown spot across the lake and nobody could explain it, though the Indians had some queer stories about it; and it is still smaller talk when you mention the eccentric uncle who used to spend most of his time trying to invent a perpetual motion machine.

That's all small talk, but the results are big. They are another inch of understanding, another step toward curiosity about natural phenomena or a love for legends, another interest in tinkering, another picture of whatever the child's mind is constituted to see.

And why are not parents more generous in sharing real live, interesting conversation with their children? Surely there is no better audience for wit and information than children. Nobody will listen more eagerly than they to little unusual experiences we have had in our lives. Nobody will appreciate more our attempts to entertain them, and nobody is more easily entertained.

I say "entertained" because conversation should be conducted in the spirit of entertainment for one's self and one's children. If it is conducted with the deliberate idea of instruction, it loses much of its psychological force as well as most of its pleasure. The instruction is secondary, a sort of natural result. It is a sort of contagion of interest. If one has a

lively talkative interest in things in general, one's children will have it. And if one has not that interest, one may acquire it for the children's sake, and pass it on to them.

If you will find the parents who bother to talk with their children, parents who realize that school is the least likely place for children to acquire an interest in life and learning, and that the dinner table, the hike, the fireplace, and deep armchairs are the best, you will find the children with keenest minds and most eager eyes. You will find the children who have a heritage of the ability to live fully and happily, a heritage that will last their lives through, and touch their children's children.

New Odors for Old

(Continued from page 223)

pleasing scents. Even printing is making use of these creations, first to conquer the scent of the fish oils used in making the ink, and more recently to give greeting cards for a sick friend the fragrance of flowers, the Christmas card the scent of evergreens, and even personal stationery may be imbued with the favorite fragrance of the purchaser. It is lucky that comic valentines have gone out of fashion.

"There are no odors which cannot be overcome by a synthetic," comments Dr. Eric C. Kunz, the world's authority in this new field.

The sense of smell is one of the oldest senses in the history of the human race. It is more closely connected with our emotional life than the senses developed later; and it is a remarkably delicate sense. It is a sense to which a great variety of manufacturers are now catering. Visual beauty is now being complemented by osmic beauty.

Audubon—Failure and Success

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (May 4, '30)

Amy MacMaster

JOHN James Fougere Audubon, the world-famous American woodsman and ornithologist, was born in 1785, the son of a French sea captain. "The Birds of America," the basis for his fame, is no mere book of birds, but a set of about 500 large and scientifically accurate paintings of birds drawn and colored direct from nature — one of the treasures of ornithology.

In gathering the material for these paintings in the undeveloped America of 100 years ago, when methods of travel were scarcely out of the primitive stage; in the 12-year task of reproducing and privately publishing reproductions of these pictures, when every engraving plate had to be etched and each lithograph colored by hand; and, finally, in the personal sale of these reproductions at $1000 a set, thus actually in the course of publication accumulating the $100,000 that the work cost — in these, Audubon accomplished three extraordinary feats.

And this happened in spite of the fact that up to his 34th year Audubon had been a total failure in every business venture to which he put his hand, condemned by everybody who knew him, except his wife, as an indolent good-for-nothing.

He was born in the seaport town of Les Cayes, Haiti, and his earliest recollections were of lying among flowers, watching the movements of a mocking bird. A large part of his youth was spent in France. Daily he would make excursions to the woods, setting out with a haversack full of eatables and coming back with it filled with birds' nests, eggs, moss, curious stones, and whatever else took his fancy. Presently he began to make drawings of birds and soon had more than 200 finished. For a short time he studied under the artist David, and it is probable that that was the only instruction in drawing he ever received.

In his late teens he was sent to America to look after the family property in Mill Grove, near Philadelphia. There he lived on the rent paid by a tenant and gave his time to hunting, fishing, skating, swimming, dancing and drawing. Then he married the daughter of a neighbor and for 12 years strove to make a living as a merchant. He became a traveling dealer in general merchandise

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to frontier emigrants; then traded in pork, lard and flour; later he had a general store, and finally he ran a steam saw and grist mill. In these ventures he lost nearly everything he possessed. Everybody except his wife despaired of him.

At the age of 34 he determined to devote himself entirely to his art. He became an itinerant portrait painter and so paid his rambling way over the East and Middle West while working at the huge self-imposed task of painting all varieties of American birds. He hunted and drew animals as well as birds. In his diary an entry indicates the care he put into drawing a snake. It says: "The heat of the weather was so great that I could only devote 16 hours to the drawing."

Skill in graphic art became his legal tender. He obtained passage on a Mississippi steamer by sketching the captain and his wife; he acquired two pairs of shoes by painting the portrait of a shoemaker and his wife; he paid his rent with portraits of the landlady and her child. At one period he earned money by painting life-like portraits of dead persons, becoming so popular at this that a certain clergyman had the body of his child exhumed in order that Audubon could paint her portrait.

His merriment and impulsiveness, his kindness and his readiness for whatever adventure turned up, made him welcome among simple folk. In winter quarters with the Indians he played the violin and flute while the young braves danced, the squaws laughed, and the older men "smoked their pipes with such serenity as only Indians can."

In his rambles in isolated places he "picked up friendships" again and again with men who had fled from the "fees, lawyers and taxes" of populated places. He had a camera-keen eye for the peculiarities of men and animals. His first aim in painting was always fidelity; his second, artistic beauty.

Great good fortune attended his choice of a wife. She not only encouraged him in his ambitions, but took a position as governess in order to support herself and the two sons. Later, she started a school and was so successful that she soon was receiving an income of $3000 a year — and this, we must remember, was in the 1820's.

Unable to find a publisher in this country for his work, Audubon sailed for England. In Liverpool he gained a host of friends and advisers. In Edinburgh he became a sensation and was fêted and lauded. His wolfskin coat, his long hair and eagle eyes made him a striking figure. He wrote to his wife that he thought

his hair was doing as much for him as his paintings.

But if his appearance amazed people, his paintings took them by storm. His prestige mounted, and when he started to solicit subscriptions for the "Birds of America" he met with a ready response from wealthy men and public institutions. The King of England became a subscriber at the regular price, $1000 a set, "not as kings generally do, but as a gentleman," and he gave Audubon permission to publish the work as under the King's personal patronage. The King of France, too, became a subscriber.

According to his own records, Audubon sold 165 complete sets of the original edition of the "Birds of America" — 82 in the United States and 83 in England, Scotland and France. Ninety of the existing sets are now in the great libraries and scientific museums of the world. About 30 are privately owned. The work today is worth $6000 or more a set. A New York bookseller last year listed one at $12,500.

Two years after his return to America, Audubon bought a permanent home, Minniesland, a 30-acre estate in the wilderness along the Hudson at what is now 155th and 158th Street, New York. At that time it was "far from the crazy city." In this home, still standing, Audubon entertained his many friends. One of them, Samuel Morse, experimented with his telegraphic invention here, stretching wires across the Hudson from New Jersey. The first telegraphic message ever sent from Philadelphia to New York was received in Morse's room on the northwest corner of this Audubon house.

In 1843, when 58 years old, Audubon made an eight months' journey to the Northwest to gather additional material for his book "Viparious Quadrupeds of North America." One of his sons accompanied him. Later years he spent at Minniesland, with his family, grieving over his failing eyesight and impatient over his enforced inactivity. He died in 1851 and was buried in Trinity Cemetery, on Washington Heights, near his home.

Today thousands of Audubon societies carry on his work. Through the association motto, "For the protection of North American birds and their eggs from wanton and indiscriminate destruction," Audubon's name has become a world-wide symbol for the sentiment that lay close to his heart.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

THE Kingsley Club met one night last week in a small room in the Hotel Governor Clinton. Twenty-five people were there. Mostly they were men. That is because more men than women stammer. The Kingsley Club is made up entirely of those who stammer. Mr. J. Stanley Smith, a lawyer from Philadelphia, made a long, fluent speech. He is the founder of the two Kingsley Clubs — one in Philadelphia and one here. For 30 years he stammered, and then conquered it. He doesn't make any slips now, even on such a word as "statistics." After he sat down 15 other persons spoke. New members of the club were permitted to speak only a sentence or two. Members of three or four years' standing talked smoothly for five minutes or so, boldly tackling such words as "sympathetically" and "portentously" without lapsing. It was all in the nature of evidence that Mr. Smith is right in his contention that stammering is the result of a mental inhibition, whose chief component is dread of ridicule. Ten years ago Smith decided that if he could get a group of stammerers together and persuade them to make little talks they would be cured. The plan has worked. Starting with five members in 1921, the Philadelphia Kingsley Club now has more than a hundred. The process of conquering the defect is slow — sometimes takes years — but has been proved successful in scores of cases. The Philadelphia club holds a big banquet in a hotel every year and invites judges, college presidents, etc., to attend. The club members address these fearsome outsiders without flinching, and rarely falter. Last year ten members of the New York club, which is seven years old, attended the Philadelphia banquet, and spoke. The club here also holds an annual banquet too, but on a smaller scale.

Mr. Smith estimates there are more than a million stutterers in the country. Quite a number are war veterans — shock often causes stammering. That's the main reason more boys stutter than girls. The excitement and tension of their games is greater. Another reason is that girls learn to talk at an earlier age, Mr. Smith says, and are generally better and more natural talkers during the formative period than boys.

There have been, and are, some famous stammerers. The club takes its name from one of

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them — the late Charles Kingsley, who wrote "Westward Ho!" An impassioned speaker, he was always handicapped by difficulty in speech, but went right on making speeches anyway, thus serving as a fine example to fellow-stammerers.

There are all kinds of stammerers, of course. You can hear the marvelous progress they make at the meetings of the Kingsley Club, which are held three times a week, in the Christ Church building. One of the most stubborn forms is inability to say anything at all. You probably have friends who are that way, but you don't know it. Such people, silent and embarrassed at a gathering, are put down as tongue-tied or dull. Mr. Smith believes that any case will yield to the "Smith Plan" — talking to a gathering of stammerers. He doesn't believe certain psychoanalysts who say analysis is sometimes the only cure. Smith says he has never met a case he couldn't improve and eventually cure, if the person didn't give up.

The dial phone is a great boon to stammerers, because talking to an operator is the worst ordeal a person who stutters has to go through. Such a person almost always gives the number first, and then the exchange. Numbers are comparatively easy, but most New York exchange names are stumbling blocks. Chickering is the worst.

All racing stables have watchdogs on the premises, and most stables also have other animals — a goat, a rabbit, or something — because it soothes the horses to have playmates. We learned this from a turf gentleman, who told us some amusing cases. If a horse strikes up a friendship with a rabbit and the rabbit wanders away, it can spoil the horse's career. Almost every race-horse has a dear friend somewhere in the stable (a dog, another horse, a man), and trainers are quick to recognize the importance of such friendships. They know that horses won't perform well on the track unless things are running smoothly at home.

Vander Pool, one of the best two-year-olds this season, is crazy about his groom. He has won seven races, and after each race the groom has made a bed for himself in the stall and slept there all night. Vander Pool allows no one to enter the stall while the groom is asleep — doesn't like to have him disturbed.

Man o' War was devoted to a big hunter named General Trot, and when the great racer was retired to the stud, General Trot was allowed to go with him as a special dispensation. They are still inseparable, and very happy. Then there was Mrs. Virginia

Fair Vanderbilt's gray horse named Nicholas. After paying $30,000 for Nicholas, she was told that he was fretting about something, and that he couldn't possibly win purses unless he got in a better frame of mind. A veterinary was called, examined Nicholas, and found him sound in every particular. Finally someone remembered that there was a certain lead pony in Nicholas' past. The pony was purchased, the light came back into Nicholas' eye, and he began to win races.

And there was Display, who won a quarter of a million in purses. He had a stable pony for a playmate. Used to chew the pony's mane constantly. Just a nervous habit, but it steadied him before a race.

Tippity Witchet, known as a lonely little horse, had a goat for a companion. The goat lived in Tippity's stall, and they were inseparable. Epinard, true to France, had a filly named Satin Slipper, with whom he lived quite openly. Papyrus, the English Derby winner, loved a black cat.

Horses, our turfman told us, form dislikes as quickly as they form attachments. Many a stable hand has quit because he found himself unpopular with a certain horse. We never knew, either, that horses kick only when they think you are pushing them — a purely defensive measure. When they want to start something, they don't kick, they bite. We always had thought that thoroughbreds were very intelligent, but our friend said, somewhat regretfully, that they are really not bright — just creatures of habit. They spend little or no time thinking, but they remember things. They're like elephants that way. They never forget.

High-powered though they be, the big department stores have no natural merchandising genius — genius, for example, such as one finds in the bazaars of the East Side. We are thinking at the moment of Samuel Shipman, merchant of Orchard Street, dealer in corsets, brassières, and things like that. Mr. Shipman's push-cart is enlivened by a parrot that sits there, looking sharp. We paused for a few minutes in passing, strangely drawn by the pinkish rumpled garments and the greenish rumpled bird. After we had hung about, tentatively, for two minutes, the parrot cleared his throat and in that withering tone that only a tropical bird can command, he addressed us as follows: "You've looked at everything, you've felt everything, why don't you buy something?"

There was nothing for it but to pick out a good brassière and be on our way.

The Associated Press

Excerpt from The Nation (April 16, '30)

Oswald Garrison Villard

Editor of "The Nation"; author of "Newspapers and Newspaper Men," etc.

NO more than a river can the stream of news rise higher than its source. For the Associated Press the sources within the United States are its members, except where it has established its own bureaus in the leading cities with special reporting staffs. Thus in all places where it cannot maintain its own correspondents it calls upon each member newspaper for all the local news which that member has gathered. The member cannot sell that news to other news services, and must hold itself in readiness to supply as much or as little news of a given event in its territory as the Associated Press may desire. The stream of the Associated Press's news must, therefore, reflect the intelligence, the taste, the integrity, the news and the business standards of its members — it cannot rise any higher. If its standards have sunk seriously in the last 30 years, this is in response to the changing methods and ethics of its 1250 members. Its best feature is that it is not a money-making concern, but a coöperative, non-profit-making organization, incorporated as a membership society under the laws of New York State. But its strength is its great weakness, for the fact that it is a coöperative organization puts it at the mercy of the mass psychology of its members.

A member can be admitted only by a vote of the directors, who elect the new member to receive that form of service which he seeks to obtain. Thus, the daily news report varies from a few hundred words for the smallest members to 75,000 words in the larger centers. To collect and distribute its news — at a cost in 1929 of about $10,000,000 — the Associated Press has no less than 3300 employes. If the staffs of the Associated Press newspapers should be counted in, the association could legitimately claim that about 80,000 persons were gathering its news every day of the year, every hour of the 24. Plainly it has become one of the most powerful engines for the creation of public opinion in the world. Together with its rivals, the United Press and the International News, or Hearst Service, it supplies all the newspapers of the country. Its standards and its integrity become, therefore, of the utmost importance. If the

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service is biased or unfair it is obvious that tremendous damage can be done. As it is, the very fact that in the smaller cities it must rely upon its members for accounts of local happenings, places it at the mercy of their reporting.

Thus, if there are labor troubles in Pennsylvania or in the Southern States, the news is affected by the bias of the local Associated Press dailies, unless the issue becomes one of such magnitude that a special correspondent is sent to the scene; even he will have to rely upon member help if there is a large territory to be covered. Since the newspapers of the great industrial towns of Pennsylvania are usually controlled, directly or indirectly, through advertising or ownership, by the large capitalists, it is obvious that in 99 cases out of 100 their reports will represent the view of the employing class, just as, if there were a group of labor dailies in the Associated Press in a given territory, its news from that section would inevitably reflect the labor point of view. To illustrate: in the steel strike of 1919 the press of Pittsburgh sided entirely with the employers; scarcely a reference to the strikers' actual demands can be found in the columns of the five newspapers that were the Pittsburgh members of the Associated Press during the strike period. Their whole stress was upon the pestiferous foreign laborer and radicalism, with frequent charges of bolshevism. Actually in *only one issue* out of 400 did an article appear which described the scandalous violations of American liberties and of the federal constitution by local authorities, and the arrest of many men merely for daring to exercise that right to free assembly guaranteed by the Constitution. But if anyone should allege that the Associated Press deliberately lent itself to any suppression of news, or misrepresentations during this strike, he would make a false statement. I believe that its highest officials were not conscious at that time of the character of the service they were rendering. It is, I repeat, a question of the news stream not rising higher than its source.

Take another case: In the South there are no daily papers owned and operated by colored men, or any colored reporters employed by any daily or by any news service. All the news which gets out of the South comes from white reporters who record occurrences involving race friction with the bias of their race. Being a white man, the reporter of a lynching or the like must inevitably side with his crowd, for he would lose his job if he did not. The Negroes assert with reason that many injustices and many terrible events are often sup-

pressed. They declare that nearly 9,000,000 blacks living in the South have no means of getting unbiased news to the American people. The only Negro, they declare, who can reach the first page of the great dailies is the Negro criminal. Again, the Associated Press was the medium of wholesale lying and crass misrepresentation in reporting some of the race troubles in Phillips County, Arkansas, which it portrayed to the American people as a "Negro rebellion," "of more than a local nature, possibly planned for the entire South." The simple truth was that a group of white men attacked a meeting of colored tenant farmers held under the guidance of a white attorney to formulate the innocent demand that they receive written settlements of their accounts from their white landlords. This was all there was to the Associated Press's rebellion — the facts all being established later before the Supreme Court of the United States. The Associated Press, however, never apologized for the wrong it had done, or rectified its error.

I desire here, however, to stress that there are real and legitimate difficulties in the way of the Associated Press's reporting the troubles of the disfranchised and the disadvantaged. Its proper aim is to present actual news of events, not essays on given problems or situations. Hence, in cases like the recent strikes in North Carolina and Tennessee it carries only the dramatic event, such as a murder, or a "battle" between police and strikers, or the evidence in a sensational trial. It makes no effort to portray the actual condition in such social dramas. The public does not know that at Marion, North Carolina, at this writing, a thousand American-born workers and their children are living in tents and being maintained by philanthropy because they dared to strike against intolerable living conditions. The average laboring man who believes that our entire press is "kept," and its news services likewise, does not understand the technique of news reporting, or realize that no member of the Associated Press is compelled to print all or any part of the news furnished to it. It is a fact that the Associated Press is frequently blamed for its apparent failure to wire news which it actually did furnish, but which the recipient discarded. No reader can, therefore, be certain that a charge of suppression or omission lies against the Associated Press until he has seen what the service originally contained.

Note: Mr. Villard devotes two articles to his penetrating study of the Associated Press. Space permits us to quote from only the first of these articles.

The Darkness Before Dawn in China

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (June, '30)

Kirby Page

Editor of "The World Tomorrow," who has made several trips to Europe and Asia to study international and economic problems

SOCIAL convulsions have always been accompanied by chaos and strife. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution, the French Revolution, the Bolshevik Revolution, and the Family Revolution are all being combined in the titantic upheaval which is now tempestuously rocking all China.

Six major revolutions are occurring simultaneously, but it is well to remember that there are in that country 400 million human beings — one-fourth of the entire human race! The effort to transform this vast population into a unified, educated, prosperous, and free nation is a staggering undertaking. It is highly imperative that the people of other lands should sympathetically understand the task confronting China's leaders.

The extent and degree of poverty in China is simply beyond comprehension. The recent report of the American Red Cross Commission points out that "30,000,000 Chinese are continually attempting to sustain life on less than the minimum required for subsistence" — for *subsistence*, not comfort or physical well-being. During the past two years the people of Shensi have been visited with "the most appallingly disastrous famine" known since 1876–77, to use the words of Grover Clark, special investigator for the China International Famine Relief Commission. Out of a population of 6,000,000 in one region, 2,000,000 starved to death in 1929, and 2,000,000 more are "practically certain" to die of hunger before the next harvest.

Even when the workers of urban communities are able to find regular employment, their standard of living is extremely low. The 12-hour day is common and yet the daily wages in many cases do not exceed 15 to 25 cents for men, 5 to 15 cents for women, and 3 to 5 cents for children.

Business has been extremely bad during recent months. Intermittent civil war, the interruption of railway traffic, brigandage, piracy, excessive taxation and the rapid decline in the value of silver have combined to produce disastrous commercial and financial depression.

Human beings will usually re-

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sort to extreme measures rather than starve to death, so it is not surprising that many Chinese are now turning to brigandage, piracy, and soldiery as means of subsistence. Bands of brigands are operating over much of the country, sometimes as many as 100 armed men being concentrated in one band. Kidnapping and holding for ransom is a frequent occurrence. Any general can secure all the soldiers he can feed. After defeat in battle many soldiers retain their rifles and take to brigandage.

Low wages and the desperate economic need increase the temptation to dishonesty and graft. This pressure is intensified by the prevailing family system under which unemployed or destitute relatives descend upon a more fortunate member of the family. Moreover, "squeeze" or graft is so deeply ingrained that there is no adequate public opinion against it, with the result that business and government alike are strangled.

Economic destitution is accentuated by the absence of a central government sufficiently powerful to maintain law and order. Civil war has been waged in some part of China every year since 1911. Many towns and cities have been captured and looted a dozen times during this period. Successive military dictators have made exorbitant assessments upon merchants. Taxes have often been collected several times in one year. One general collected three years' taxes in advance! Military appropriations year after year have consumed from 40 to 80 percent of the national and provincial revenues.

China's railways at best are utterly inadequate, the total mileage being only 7000, as contrasted with 275,000 in the United States. Civil war frequently demoralizes traffic. Tracks have been torn up, bridges destroyed, and railway resources confiscated. River navigation has likewise been disastrously interfered with. Lack of facilities to transport food has greatly increased the peril of famine.

Nothing is easier than to draw a dismal picture of prevailing conditions. On the other hand, the situation is by no means hopeless. If China had a stable government, her citizens would rebound with amazing vitality. The Chinese have an incredible capacity to survive under adverse circumstances and they possess marvelous recuperative powers. In the lulls between military campaigns business recovers with great rapidity. Canton, for example, has been one of the storm centers ever since the 1911 revolution, yet we were astonished to discover that a new city is being created. Streets are being widened and paved. Modern office build-

ings are being created. An automatic telephone system has been installed and is functioning efficiently. Highways connecting the city with outlying regions are being constructed. Motor buses and automobiles are increasing rapidly in number. Faster steamers are operating in the rivers.

Substantial progress is being made not merely in Canton but in many other communities. Persons from widely scattered regions have told us that highway construction is being pushed forward steadily. Regular air service is now maintained between Shanghai and Hankow, via Nanking, and there is reason to believe that within another decade air service will operate between all important centers throughout the country.

China possesses natural resources and man-power sufficient to increase the standard of living substantially if peace could be maintained. Vast reserves of coal and other ores are awaiting exploitation. The Chinese are among the most industrious and thrifty people to be found anywhere. Chinese merchants have achieved an enviable record for honesty and integrity.

If China could only secure a unified, stable government her citizens could achieve wonders. If! If! And the prospects may be better than the surface evidence seems to indicate. In 1911 the spirit of national patriotism was confined chiefly to students and intellectual classes who rallied about Sun Yat-sen. In the past 19 years the spirit of nationalism has already grown strong enough to compel the foreign powers to restore tariff autonomy. Shantung and Weihaiwei have been returned to China. Most of the powers are remitting their shares of the Boxer Indemnity. Foreign post offices have been removed. The Mixed Courts at Shanghai have been turned over to the Chinese authorities. Chinese citizens are being given increased representation in the government of the International Settlement of Shanghai.

The rapid rise and extension of nationalism in China is a fact of the utmost significance. If the present pace is maintained for another decade or two, it may be strong enough to unify the various provinces into a strong central government. The people are sick of civil strife, and a beginning has been made in the formation of an articulate public opinion against the war lords.

The darkest hours come before the dawn. China's night may linger or even become blacker; the morning may prove to be stormy; decades will probably pass before the brilliance of the noonday sun is visible; but there is reason to believe that the splendor of a new era will yet burst upon the ancient Kingdom.

The Worker Practises a New Art

It was felt that on this subject, the interest of our readers is best served by this summary, specially prepared by one of our editors

EVERY winter during December and January one may still see in parts of San Antonio, Texas, and in the neighboring villages along our Southern border a picturesque survival of the Middle Ages. It is an old mystery play of the adoration of the shepherds. The words are those passed orally from father to son through many generations. The roof of their peripatetic theater is appropriately the sky; the stage is the dooryard of some cottage, the back-drop the outside wall, and the players themselves simple Mexican working people who cling despite all the inroads of a new civilization to the ways of their fathers.

There are undoubtedly many places in the world where the toiler in workshop and field is still carrying on the theatrical traditions of his forbears, dramatizing the story of a local hero or interpreting some aspect of his religion, — just as primitive man found in dance and music and pantomime a means of worship and an emotional expression of his adventures in battle and the hunt. The Mardi Gras is first of all an old community ceremonial. The Passion Play at Oberammergau is but the most famous of many passion plays — secular dramas as well — persisting among peasants in the remote villages of the Tyrol. Strolling players in Belgium, setting up their stages in market-place, inn-yard, or meadow, still keep up the traditions of a Flemish drama of the common people that flourished in the 12th century.

Yet with all these instances of a persistent drama among common people, the workingman's chief acquaintance with the theater is, in this country, as riveter, plasterer, and stage-hand. He rarely comes nearer than its billboards. For theatrical entertainment he contents himself with vaudeville, the circus, and the movie. Along the larger rivers a few showboats, much like those of 100 years ago, still ply their trade; and *The Playhouse*, James Adams' floating theater, has this past spring begun its 50th season, playing its sentimental dramas of mother-love and broken hearts to capacity audiences of fisher-folk and small shopkeepers along the salt inlets of Virginia and North Carolina. The tendency, of course, through all the years, has been for the drama to fall sooner or later into the hands of the moneyed and leisured classes.

Instead of being the delighted expression of the hopes and aspirations, the struggles and whimsies of the people, it is patronized as an art, and the dilettante focuses his glasses on it from afar. Even the Commedia del' Arte, that glorious drama of Italy's common people several centuries ago, became at length a mere pastime for princes. Today, in this country, the workingman is neither audience nor player. For after having been swallowed up by the artistically-inclined, the theater has become commercialized as well. A few troupes are still on the road giving inferior performances. But the old one-night stand of distinguished actors is gone. The legitimate theater has settled down on Broadway or in a few major cities, and expects the world to come to it; and people do come — those who can pay the price. But the workingman is not among them.

In Europe and the Near East the worker's theater is not a rarity. Individuals, associations, municipal and state governments have all had a share in its development. For the most part it has not been an experimental theater seeking new playwrights and new players among the people (though in Russia it has fostered experiments in plenty); it has been rather a new setting for a growing social impulse, and a new vehicle of propaganda. In Syria several little theaters have sprung up among workingmen, notably that at Tel Aviv, exclusively of manual laborers, that is presenting in Hebrew such plays as *The Dybbuk* and *The Good Hope*. Its theater was built by the Culture Commission of the General Labor Federation of Palestine. The Volksbuehne of Berlin at which both classic and modern drama are presented by professionals, has a membership of 250,000, most of them wage-earners, owns two theaters, and distributes seats costing but one-tenth of theater tickets in America, by lot out of the mouth of an urn. It originated in the insistence 40 years ago or more by Dr. Bruno Wille that art springs from the people, belongs to the people, not to any class or group. The "Old Vic" has been presenting year after year in London the plays of Shakespeare, of Goethe, Ibsen, Goldsmith and Sheridan to people who otherwise would never see the classics of dramatic production. All the best actors and actresses have from time to time appeared there. Fifty years ago this theater was taken over by a woman interested in providing proper entertainment for the working classes. It has never made money for the management. It is rather "a foundation under the Charity Commissioners of the London County Council." At Leeds, England there is a civic

playhouse which like the public library is free to the people, though a charge of five shillings a year is made to those who wish reserved seats. The Workers' Educational Association is sponsoring dramatic groups in smaller towns all over England. Factories and shops, haberdashers and dairyworkers are experimenting with dramatics and a socialist theater has recently been talked of to "bring plays within reach of working-class audiences." In Russia the drama has flourished under the Soviet. It has been conceived and put in motion by the state as a great instrument of propaganda among the peasantry. Every village, every factory, every prison has its theatrical entertainments, and Grand Opera stars are going into the factories to direct the amateur performances.

On this side of the Atlantic the evidences of a worker's theater are more sporadic. Yet here, too, the new social impulse as expressed in directed recreation, in the adult education movement, in country life improvement, in community fellowship, as well as the little theater movement, are all in one way or another exerting an influence in creating a theater for wage earners. Reduced hours are giving the worker greater leisure and new zest in discovering his own aptitudes. A large lumber company in the West employs a director of dramatics for its men, and has provided a thoroughly equipped little theater and even reimburses for any time lost to their work on account of rehearsals. Textile workers in the mills of a Southern city have organized little theater groups with the hope of a more general industrial theater to come. The Recreation Department of the city has been behind this development. Dramatic groups among the men along the lines of leading railroads at junction points, and among telephone employes and post-office clerks are not unknown. A little theater group has just been organized in one of the largest of America's department stores. A factory owning its own town in the East is including two little theaters in its new community building, though as yet there is no dramatic group among its employes. A labor college also in the East several years ago employed a director of dramatics among its students. It was seeking not only a means of recreation but of release for the personalities of the men and women who had come to them with their minds and emotions already set along the lines of their own problems. At first they found these people scarcely able to get outside themselves, to think in terms of the characters they represented. The work, however, has been continued and the students are now not only producing plays dealing with the dis-

tinctive problems of labor, but writing them as well. The little theater of another labor college in the West whose leading lights were a barber and a street car conductor has since become the Civic Theater of Portland.

To Hull House belongs the honor of having organized the first little theater among working people in this country — the first actual little theater in the United States as well — 30 years ago. From it two or three professional actors have graduated to the legitimate stage. And many have become "charming and interesting young people" with an appreciation of beauty and nicety in the use of English, the result of long familiarity with and much memorizing of passages from Shakespeare, Galsworthy, from Shaw, Barrie, Masefield, and Yeats. No other activity, not even music, has been able to hold the Hull House community together year after year as has this remarkable little theater. In connection some years ago with the dramatics of another settlement house, that of Henry Street in New York, the well-known Neighborhood Playhouse developed.

Yet another workingman's theater is fast growing up among the farmers. From the beginning it has had outside sponsorship. This theater started with the realization of the barrenness of country life on the prairies of the Middle West. Two professors began almost simultaneously to conceive of the possibilities of rural drama, one thinking of it as a means of bringing country people together in joyous fellowship and of developing rural leadership, the other rather of uncovering the essentially dramatic material in country life, problems and traditions. Out of their work and their experimental little theaters in their own universities, in North Dakota and North Carolina, there has grown up a whole new movement in this country. Extension departments in New York State, in New Mexico, in Iowa and Ohio as well as in the Dakotas and Carolinas have been carrying the benefits of the little theater to villages and towns sometimes several hundreds of miles away from the seats of the universities. Granges in Vermont are putting on plays, dramatic tournaments are being held in farming communities of several states. Country school teachers are receiving special required training in dramatics at normal schools. Lectures on dramatic production and demonstrations are being given at county fairs. Farmers finish their evening chores and drive off to rehearsals. In some few instances country communities have built their own little theaters — with exceeding simplicity to be sure. More often they have transformed a barn, an

abandoned tobacco warehouse, or rooms above a country store to their needs. Boards have been thrown across saw-horses for seats, automobiles have furnished spotlights, tinpails have served as footlight reflectors. A farmer's theater and a farmer's drama are being born all over this land from New England to California, from Ontario to British Columbia.

There is no knowing the future of this worker's theater, that aims at the release of the human spirit. One remembers only that the founder of the Théâtre Libre of Paris was an employe of a gas company, who with his associates, a dressmaker, a wine-merchant, a telegraph clerk, and others startled the artistic and literary circles of Paris who came to see their plays in the little hall on the Elysée des Beaux Arts.

Double-Duty Epitaphs — and Others

From the village churchyard of Dagenham, Essex, England:

Here lies John Shere
Who, when living, brewed good beer
Turn to the right, go down the hill
His son keeps up the business still.

— *Printer's Ink.*

From Liverpool:

Sacred to the memory of Joseph Summers
Everywhere known as the best of plumbers
Succeeded in business by Thomas Shaw
Who is the deceased's son-in-law.

— *Printer's Ink.*

From somewhere in Maine:

Sacred to the memory of James H. R—m, who died Aug. the 6th, 1800. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at —— Street, in this village.

Northend: *A Book of Epitaphs.*

From a cemetery near Glasgow:

Beneath this stone lies Andrew Blair
Of worldly goods he had his share.
To mark his grave this stone he bought
From the best sculptor, John McNaught.

— *Printer's Ink.*

From Belbroughton, Worcestershire, England:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid,
But what is more strange,
The neighbors tell us,
He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

— *The Spectator.*

From Berkshire County, Massachusetts:

The best wife I ever had.

Northend: *A Book of Epitaphs.*

Of a Block Island sea captain:

He's done a catching cod
And gone to meet his God.

Northend: *A Book of Epitaphs.*

From cemeteries at Nantucket, and from Lyme, Connecticut, and many parts of England:

Consider, friends, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now soon you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me.

— *New York Times.*

Origins

Although both the "Origins Contest" and the "Repartee Contest" are closed, contributions will continue to be printed for several months.

One surprising fact has been disclosed: at least one-fourth of the "origins" received (many of them direct quotations from books or magazines) have been eliminated because they were found to lack authenticity. The recognized etymological authorities cite quite different derivations from the ones — less well authenticated — submitted in the Contest.

"Delirium" comes from *de* meaning "from" and *lira* meaning "furrow." Thus it means literally "off (from) one's furrow." The phrase originated in the country districts. *Delirus* (the noun) meant a person who goes out of the furrow in ploughing, hence is crazy, mad. "Delirium" has lost all traces of its humble origin, and no one realizes when he describes some one as delirious that he is accusing him of being "off his furrow."

Contributed by Elizabeth Barbour, Spring Lake, Mich.

Many words have so changed their meanings in the course of time that their present sense has no necessary logical connection with that which they formerly bore. Thus the Latin *rivalis* is an adjective meaning "pertaining to a brook" (L. *rivus;* cf. river, rivulet); but a rival is a competitor. There is no necessary connection of thought between the two senses but this curious change was brought about in a natural way. *Rivales* in Latin came to mean "neighbors who got water from the same stream," and contests often arose between such persons respecting their riparian rights. This connection between the senses is today a mere matter of history and we do not think of brooks when we talk of rivals in politics, business, or love. — *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* by *Greenough & Kittredge.*

Contributed by Grace A. Elliott, Burlington, Iowa.

In sunny Italy a *fiasco* is a common flask, or bottle; with us, however, the word means a ridiculous failure. The connection between the two meanings is explained in this way: In making the beautiful Venetian glass, if the glass-blower, in his attempt at perfection, noticed the slightest flaw, the article was immediately discarded and converted into a fiasco, or that is, into a common bottle. What might have been Venetian glass was now only a common bottle, a failure. The glass-blower had failed to produce the perfection maintained in Venetian glass, and therefore, had been compelled to convert his failure into a fiasco, or common bottle. Thus did the idea of failure become connected with the word fiasco. From this word, also, comes our word "flask."

Contributed by J. Edmund Brewton, Quincy, Fla.

Few persons understand the expression, "Comin' Through the Rye." There is in Scotland a small stream called the Rye. The girls forded it going to church, school and to market, and as the water was a foot or two

deep they had to hold their skirts up. The boys would meet them in midstream and kiss them without difficulty, as the girls couldn't drop their skirts to make any resistance. That's what the poet meant when he wrote "Comin' Through the Rye."

Contributed by Florence Dixon, Guilford College, N. C.

The old wooden ships often sprang a leak at sea when seams opened up just above the water line. A sailor was then forced to go over the side on a scaffold and calk the seam. A seam close to the water line was known as the "devil." Thus it often happened that the sailor found himself suspended "*between the 'devil' and the deep sea.*" This nautical devil has no relation to Beelzebub!

Contributed by S. A. Switzer, Oxford, O.

The word *schooner*, properly *scooner*, is of American origin. The first schooner ever constructed is said to have been built in Gloucester, Mass., about the year 1713, by a Captain Andrew Robinson, and to have received its name from the following trivial circumstance: When the vessel went off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out, "O, how she scoons!" — *i. e.*, glides, skims along. Robinson instantly replied, "A scooner let her be"; and from that time, vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by this name. The word scoon is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of water. The New England scoon was imported from Scotland, being the same as Lowland Scotch scon — to make flat stones skip along the surface of water. — *The Encyclopaedic Dictionary.*

Contributed by Bess Kohout, Erie, Pa.

Modern ignorance of Greek and Latin has permitted the life to die out of many familiar English words derived from the classical languages. Abstractions to their heedless users, they reveal vividly concrete pictures when the literal meanings of their original forms are known.

Thus "enthusiasm" is used loosely every day by thousands, with no idea that the word once implied possession by a divine power. Such is the force of the Greek *en-theos*. The "enthusiastic" man has a "god in" him, no less. Our word is a relic of an age of faith, a dim survival from the great pagan pantheon.

Consider "sympathy." To friends in grief we send our "very deep sympathy," and even after intensifying it thus, we somehow wish the word meant more. If only they and we knew that it does mean "suffering together," it might comfort the bereaved to realize that the "sympathetic" are truly endeavoring to share their sorrow.

Contributed by John J. Elson, Ithaca, N. Y.

When you say that a thing is not worth a "rap," you are not referring to a rap with your knuckles. When this saying originated, "rap" meant the counterfeit of a small copper coin used in Ireland. This coin was issued during the reign of George I, 1714–21. Because it was often passed for a halfpenny, it was called a rap, a word coming from the German *rappie*, which meant a counterfeit copper coin brought to the British Isles by Irish soldiers who had seen service on the Continent. — *Wall Street Journal.*

Contributed by O. Laine, Duluth, Minn.

This Competitive Era

Excerpts from The Business Week

The Diamond Match Company furnishes an interesting example of a merger of peculiarly assorted businesses that was grown, not made. . . . Because it had surplus lumber, the company established 40 lumber yards. This put it into the building supply business. Some of the lumber still left on its hands it started to make into toys and beehives. The latter sell better with other bee supplies, so now the company is in the apiary business, too. Seeking to produce an income from one of its cleared lumber tracts, it planted prunes thereon, which puts it also into the fruit business.

The lettuce growers, the silversmiths, and Emily Post have combined in a marketing venture. Head lettuce, delicious but often unmanageable under etiquette's old dictate "with fork only," is to be popularized. Mrs. Post has consented to the use of a knife. Community Plate, with small urging from the Western Growers Protective Association, has designed a special salad knife, is making it now, will offer it on the market shortly. . . . Lettuce growers are planning a new "Eat more lettuce program. It's easy and proper with a knife." Community Plate will urge: "Bring your silver up to date with lettuce knives." Booksellers will want an 18th edition of Mrs. Post's popular "Etiquette" with remarks on lettuce knives among the addenda.

The railroads, not content to sit back and watch long-distance bus lines get all the benefits from developing a new class of passenger traffic, plan to cut in on it vigorously. . . . Analysis shows that a large proportion of passengers on the long-haul bus lines have neither the means to own automobiles nor to ride the trains. Even day coach rates (3.6 cents a mile) are too high for them. They are willing, however, to pay the 2.2 cents charged on the buses. The long-distance buses last year carried 38,000,000 persons and had a revenue of $47,500,000. . . . It is proposed that the railroads offer three classes of service: Pullman at 4.5 or 5 cents a mile; first class, in modern day coaches (reserved seats, observation car privileges, superior sanitary arrangements) at 3.6; second-class, in the older day coaches, at a rate to meet the bus fares.

Sugar cane waste can be made into rayon. It contains a higher percentage of cellulose than spruce — 54.8 percent as against 53 percent in spruce. . . . Hitherto the woody cane stalks, crushed and de-sugared, have been used as fuel. Lately a process for converting them into fine paper has been developed but the market for paper is already supplied as cheaply. . . . But the rayon market is growing and in real need of raw materials. Here cane would not merely displace some other well-established source. The new process may become an important element in the battle between sugar cane and sugar beets.

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Announcement that Air Ferries, Ltd., of San Francisco carried 11,378 passengers the first month was hailed by aircraft leaders as evidence of the popularity of air ferry service, establishment of which is pronounced one of the most significant recent aeronautical developments. Check of 30 days' operation across San Francisco Bay shows that 35 percent of passengers had become habitual patrons, that 71 percent were bound on business rather than pleasure, that 37 percent chose the air ferry in preference to other transportation because they were in a hurry, and that 5400 persons were carried who had never been up before.

The Simmons Company is making bedsteads of peanut shells. Zalmite, a new plastic material made up into furniture of all sorts is manufactured out of phenol, creosote, or even asphalt as its plastic element; peanut shells, old burlap, and other waste material as filler. Simmons can make Zalmite for five cents a pound and expects to cut that. It is strong, durable, resilient, takes a fine color and polish, and is expected to become a real competitor of steel and wood for furniture.

The Detroit Edison Company is attempting to do with the electric range what Henry Ford did with the automobile—take it out of the luxury class and put it within reach of the multitude. Less than a month ago it placed on the market an electric stove priced at $85, about one-third what an electric range used to cost. Already the company reports 70,000 unfilled orders, and the price has been reduced to $75. . . . Hitherto, the use of electricity has lagged because of high initial cost and high cost of operation, and because most electric stoves heat more slowly than gas ranges. So Detroit Edison engineers got busy. They discarded at once the idea that an electric range must resemble a gas range, and set out to produce something new, something that would be simple to operate, quick to cook, handsome in appearance, and of such construction that it could be made at an attractive price. The new stove in no wise resembles any other cooking apparatus,—but the oven comes up to 400 degrees in five minutes and uses much less current than electric stoves of the old type. . . . As was to be expected, range manufacturers look with great disfavor upon Detroit Edison's manufacturing venture. — (*Oct. 5, '29*)

Shipping men have recently been watching the *Leviathan*, the *Olympic*, and many another famous liner leave port with relatively light lists in first-class, while the North German Lloyd Line's twin flyers, *Bremen* and *Europa* sail with standing room only. They have also been watching the development of a construction program which, in the last three years, has put into service 16 modern, palatial, transatlantic vessels, all carrying first-, second-, and third-class passengers; which is pushing work on four more such ships in addition to two large cabin-type liners to be brought out within the next few weeks. And they are wondering what they are going to do with the floating palaces of yesterday — the *Majestics*, *Leviathans*, *Beren-*

garias built a decade or more ago. . . . What they have to face is the fact that the passenger situation is rapidly approaching the "saturation point" and new ships are still pouring off the ways. Enough of them have been built or placed under construction since 1925 to provide ample accommodations for all of the nearly 200,000 first-class passengers who cross the Atlantic each year, and they are taking much-needed business in this class away from older vessels which, although themselves modern, reasonably fast, and offering a relative degree of luxury, suffer by comparison with the new ones.

The entire Pacific Coast is uniting in a drive for a greater share of the $4,000,000,000 spent annually by the 13,315,727 American families who take vacation trips. An advertising campaign has been launched to cut in on European travel.

Panama-Pacific Line, operating three large motor liners between Los Angeles and New York via the Panama Canal, hopes soon to compete with transcontinental railroads in moving perishable fruits and vegetables. Water rates to New York, including trucking to Los Angeles harbor, are about one-third less than rail rates. Delivery can be made on the 14th morning; rail shipments take from 8 to 11 days. . . . Transportation of perishable fruits and vegetables is a source of large revenue to transcontinental railroads. Pacific Fruit Express, operated jointly by Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, has 45,000 refrigerated cars which can be concentrated in various localities as successive crops mature. On the peak day of the 1928 season, the Southern Pacific yards at Roseville, Calif., moved 111 trains totalling 6282 cars.

In the recent drop of copper prices — the latest step in bringing the general level of metal prices to the lowest point in eight years — the increasing amount of reclaimed copper played an important part. Production of primary copper in the United States in 1928 was 935,000 tons. During this same period about 625,000 tons of copper and its alloys were reclaimed. The importance of this amount of secondary metal upon the price of virgin copper is obvious. . . . Lead offers another interesting example. With the expansion of the automobile and radio businesses the lead mining industry was called upon for ever-increasing amounts of lead. Now, however, 95 percent recovery of lead from old battery grids supplied, in 1928, 62 percent of the 210,000 tons required by battery makers.

The Ford car junking plan in Detroit is apparently proving successful. Ford is reported in negotiation for an 80 acre site in Buffalo where he plans to erect the largest metal reduction plant in the East. If plans go through, he will buy junked cars throughout the East, ship them to Buffalo, chiefly by water, and reduce them to usable metals in the electric furnaces to be installed in the new plant.

Marston of the Western Union

Condensed from Plain Talk (May, '30)

Jack Woodford

THE days of the colorful telegrapher are gone forever, and probably it is a mighty good thing, too. Nowadays the heavy traffic is handled by machines. But for several years, in the old days, I worked in the most interesting telegraph offices in the world. These, I think, were the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Company's offices on the floor of the Board of Trade in Chicago. The offices are still known to telegraphers as "Ex."

I got the job there when I was 16 years old. "Go over to Ex office," an old gentleman in the main office had told me, "and report to Chief Operator L. W. Marston. If you can work for him for 30 days I'll give you a raise." He scribbled something on a slip of paper and handed it to me.

I went over to the Board of Trade and stood, for a moment, at the entrance door, entranced. It was like a train wreck, a prize fight, a riot and a bargain sale all going on at once. I grinned with joy. Here was something like . . . !

Going to report, I stepped gingerly over the body of either a telegrapher or a reporter, lying upon the floor — dead I thought. It seemed perfectly natural that there should be dead bodies around where there was such turmoil. The man was, however, merely drunk; for, later, he picked himself up and rolled away.

My first sight of L. W. Marston was not reassuring. He hurried up to me with a look of utter fury in his eyes. I instinctively crouched back, to defend myself. He wore a suit that had had, probably, 15 years' wear. He had on a dusty derby hat, which from that day until four years later, when I left, I never saw him once without.

"What do you want?" he snarled at me so viciously that I instinctively ducked. Gingerly I handed him the note. He snatched it, growled savagely at it, gave me a murderous look and ordered me to take a "Load Report." With that he walked away leaving me gasping.

I had supposed I would at least be told my salary, and where to hang my hat. Nothing. . . . Everyone was frantically busy. The noise was deafening. There were about 150 operators in the concession. One of them, near the door, I noticed, was eyeing me with a grin. I went over to him.

"What's a load report?" I shouted. He pointed to some blanks in a box near by. Taking one of them I tried to puzzle out its intricacies; but I could make nothing of it. At last this man, Anderson, showed me and I finally accomplished the task. Seeing me standing idle, Mr. Marston rushed up to me in a perfect frenzy of rage:

"Well!" he roared. "Why don't you fix up the time book?"

"Yes, sir," I said meekly, and re-

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treated. Again, Mr. Anderson good humoredly showed me how to head up and fill in the time book.

No sooner had I fixed up the time book than I found it was time for another load report. Later, when I thought I had everything running beautifully, to my dismay a huge bell rang thunderously. With one accord everyone got up and rushed out and left me alone in the center of the floor, speechless with surprise. I looked around helplessly. Finally I saw that there was one man left. He looked like a paralytic. He ambled up to me and leaned on me in a way I was to understand later. It was his habit in making his way stumblingly around to lean on anybody handy.

"Hello, kid," he said, amiably, "you the new timekeeper?"

"I guess so," I told him. "What's happened?"

"We go to the lower office every day at 1:30," he told me. He led me down to the offices on the first floor, where, to my astonishment, I found everybody busily working again. Marston stormed up to me.

"You damned idiot!" he roared, "where the hell have you been?"

"I came down with this gentleman," I said.

"*Gentleman!*" he echoed scornfully. "Never wait for that cripple. I want you to get down here before anybody else, to check these drunken bum lids in. Now get busy and fix up the time book, and make out the average slips."

"What's a 'bum lid'?" I asked of Anderson, later. He explained that an operator who was not "heavy" enough for a fast wire was taken up or "lifted." Hence the "lid"—something too light to hold down something boiling.

Gradually I found out in the days that followed that the Ch main office regarded Ex branch as a hopeless case, but the latter was the most profitable branch office in the United States. Telegrams were handled there at amazing speed. I have often watched traders in the wheat pit make signs to the operators assigned to the "counter" wires, leading to the large grain centers, such as Winnipeg, Duluth, Minneapolis and Kansas City, which were indicative of messages to be sent. The telegraph operators would interpret these signs, send the message with their right hands while, believe it or not, writing them out with their left; and receive the answer back almost instantly.

This terrific speed was maintained only through the most marvelous telegraph supervision ever maintained in these United States. And the mainspring back of it was L. W. Marston. If he had been a different sort of man he could have commanded almost any salary. But he never bothered much about his earnings. He lived in a cheap hotel. Not a soul, so far as I could ascertain, was a friend of his. All anybody knew was that through some magic of which he alone knew the secret, he could keep going the most intricate telegraph office in the world.

After a year or two at Ex I began to understand and appreciate Marston thoroughly. The men under him were the most lawless and drunken operators anywhere to be found. But, the plain fact of the matter was that these "boomers," as they were called, were better operators, when drunk,

than the newer men when sober.

And it was the very devil keeping these men in line, for they all knew they were indispensable, and acted accordingly. Marston never touched a drink himself. I have often heard imbeciles talk in favor of Prohibition from the platform. But what they had to say was the thin lisp of a lukewarm convert. Marston could give an extemporaneous Prohibition lecture that would make Billy Sunday or Wayne B. Wheeler green with envy. But it was a lecture for strong men only to hear.

The nearest I have ever come to understanding Marston's power with his men is through the conjecture that his men loved him, which seemed incredible, in view of the way he bullied them. If one had suggested to him that he was loved by those he lorded it over I am persuaded he would have died with disgust upon the spot. When queried by others for a reference as to men who had worked under him he would reply that they were worthless drunken bums. Whereupon, if a man were refused a position on account of his assertion, he would hire him himself. When a man resigned from Ex office, Marston would curse him and tell him if he ever came back he would be thrown out. A few months later, in some cases, such a resigned employe would wire from hundreds of miles away to know if he might come back, whereupon Marston would arrange for his transfer back.

There came a time when I had learned to operate a wire competently, and I wanted to go to New York. The thought of leaving Marston was almost more than I could bear. He had come to lean on me a very great deal, had come to appreciate the things I did to keep him from the unpleasant tasks. Still worse, there had been another official shakeup at the main office and they were bothering him terribly with a lot of foolish, intricate reports which I alone understood. But I could not stay on forever, and finally I bluntly came out with the facts.

"Marston," I said, "I'm going. It's not that I don't like to work for you — I do. Won't you let me make some sort of arrangements for my relief?"

"What are you talking about?" he snarled. "What have you been doing? Hanging around here for four years, getting in my way, bothering the life out of me. Go on, right now, if you want to. Beat it. Get out."

But I stayed out a two-weeks' notice. It was as painful a two weeks as I can ever remember.

I shall never forget the day I quit. I bought my tickets, and, while waiting for the train, went to the Board of Trade, irresistibly drawn. I hid behind a post in the visitors' balcony and looked down into the Western Union concession. Marston was fumbling with the time sheet, with his deformed arm, bending over it closely, having a hard time seeing the figures. He looked infinitely old and worn. His expression was one of utter fury, as he struggled to tell himself he was glad that damned idiot was gone, and that he didn't need to depend on anybody on earth to help him.

To this day I cannot recall that last time I saw him without distinct discomfort.

Repartee

Contributions from Readers

Col. Sam Hughes, Canada's Minister of Militia during the war, was interrupted in a political meeting by an insistent and prolonged hissing. He stopped, looked in the direction of the hisser, and said, "There are three things that hiss, a snake, a goose and a fool. Will you come forward that we may identify you."
Contributed by W. G. Rose, Brechin, Ont.

A book agent once called on President Lincoln and sought to sell him a book for which he had no use. Failing, he asked Lincoln if he would not write an endorsement of the work which would enable him to sell it to others. Whereupon the President, always anxious to oblige, with a humor entirely his own wrote: "Anyone who likes this kind of book will find it just the kind of book he likes."
Contributed by Ellen Harbold, York, Pa.

The late William R. Travers and the late William H. Vanderbilt were very intimate friends. When Mr. Vanderbilt died, some vulgar man without feeling asked Mr. Travers how much money Mr. Vanderbilt had left. Mr. Travers, in disgust at the question, replied: "He left it all."
Contributed by Louis Keane, Fergus Falls, Minn.

Father Healey, an Irish priest and famous for his wit, was one day being shown through the home of one of his newly rich neighbors. Entering the library filled with books, the neighbor with a sweep of his hand said, "Ah! these are my friends, Father Healey."

Healey picked up one of the books and examined it carefully. Then he turned to the gentleman and said, "Yes, and I am glad to see that you are not one of those people who cut their friends."
Contributed by Chas. S. Hill, Melfort, Sask.

Talleyrand was riding one afternoon in an open carriage with a garrulous and boresome diplomat, when he saw another carriage coming toward them, whose occupant was indulging in a mighty yawn. Instantly Talleyrand grasped his companion's arm and hissed in his ear: "Hush! You are overheard."
Contributed by Mrs. C. G. Marshall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Calvin Coolidge was at the time a new member of the Massachusetts Legislature. In an attempt to heckle him, another member asked, "Say, Cal, is it grammatical to say 'a hen sits' or 'a hen sets'?"

"Well," drawled Coolidge, "it's a good deal more important question back in the country where I came from, to know when a hen cackles, whether she's *laid* or *lied*."
Contributed by Helen Alpert-Levin, Baltimore, Md.

Charles Lamb, than whom no gentler or kinder-hearted wit ever breathed, at times found it impossible to restrain himself from the personal; as, for instance, when he covered a friend with shame at a whist-party by blurting out: "Gad,

James, if — if dirt were t-t-trumps, what a hand you would have!"

Contributed by Archibald P. Akeley, Coudersport, Pa.

This story is told of the Autocrat: When her lion was leaving, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintances on parade, and rather expected effusive admiration from the great man, said with a smile, "Well, Doctor Holmes, what do you think of afternoon tea?" He answered in these four graphic words: "It is giggle — gabble — gobble and git!" — *Little Masterpieces of Wit and Humor*, by *T. L. Masson.*

Contributed by Mrs. G. M. Null, St. Charles, Mo.

The late Sam Davis, Editor of the Carson *Appeal*, was known as the oracle of the Nevada Sagebrush. Once he was instructed by the San Francisco *Examiner* to meet Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at Reno and bring her over the mountains of California on her first tour of the Western slope. Davis was a most likeable person. The great French actress became so fond of him that thereafter she declined to be interviewed by any other newspaperman during her sojourn on the coast. If she had anything to say for publication, he said it for her. The day came when the train bearing her private car was about to start back East. As the locomotive bell was ringing, she put her hands upon his shoulders, kissed him upon either cheek, and then squarely upon the mouth, remarking as she did so, "The right cheek for the Carson *Appeal*, the left for the *Examiner*, the lips, my friend, for yourself."

"Madam," said Davis, without the slightest sign of bashfulness, "I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi River." — *A Laugh a Day*, by *Irvin S. Cobb.*

Contributed by B. M. Cohen, Tucson, Ariz.

Harvard men are probably all familiar with this anecdote. President Charles W. Eliot was taking Edward Everett Hale to a Harvard-Yale football game. "Where are you going, Mr. Eliot?" inquired a passer-by.

"To yell with Hale," replied Dr. Eliot.

Several contributors.

Charles Lamb once incurred the everlasting displeasure of a young matron who gushingly asked him how he liked children, by stammering gravely, "Boiled, Madam, boiled."

Contributed by Marion Wefer, Jackson Heights, N. Y. C.

Some years ago, George Bernard Shaw, dissatisfied with his lodgings on account of a dearth of clean linen, decided to make a change. On leaving he told the landlord that the lack of clean towels had driven him away.

Chagrined that he had not complained before, the landlord exclaimed, — "Well, but you have a tongue in your head!"

"Yes," instantly retorted Shaw, "but I am not a cat."

Contributed by Mrs. J. M. White, San Diego, Cal.

FRANK H. SIMONDS (p. 193) has been contributing articles to the "Review of Reviews" regularly each month for more than 15 years. After graduating from Harvard he began newspaper work in New York, and after serving as Washington and Albany correspondent, he became successively editorial writer for the New York "Sun," editor of the "Evening Sun," associate editor of the "Tribune," and war correspondent. The War had found him exceptionally well informed in matters of military strategy. When Peace came Mr. Simonds was possessed of a rare understanding of the rival ambitions of nations.

GEORGE ADAMS (p. 196), 47 years old, died suddenly at his home in Paris on March 22nd. Mr. Adams distinguished himself as Paris correspondent of the London "Times" from 1912 to 1921, and later as European correspondent of the New York "Sun" and of the "Herald." His work as a historian of France was recognized by the Encyclopedia Britannica, which made him the French Editor of its 20th edition. He knew intimately most of the great men of whom he wrote, including Clemenceau whom he vividly pictured in a recent volume entitled "The Tiger." Among Mr. Adams' other books are "Treason and Tragedy" and "Behind the Scenes at the Front." In 1926 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for his services to European Peace, particularly with the Locarno Conference. Mr. Adams was born in Edinburgh, and educated at the Edinburgh Academy and on the Continent.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. 199) began his career as a reporter on the St. Paul "Dispatch" in 1898. He went to New York in 1908 and wrote fiction for "Munsey's Magazine." He was in Mexico at the time of the Madero revolution, entering Mexico City with Madero, and represented the United Press in Mexico at the time of Huerta's downfall. He was in Europe intermittently from 1914 to 1921, and was in every capital or with every army, both sides, except Turks, Bulgars and Rumanians, writing articles for "Everybody's," "Collier's," "Harper's," "Metropolitan," etc. He attended the Paris Peace Conference and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. Since 1924 he has been a staff correspondent of "Collier's" investigating prohibition enforcement, state penitentiary systems, etc. He is the author of a number of books.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY (p. 205), clergyman, professor, dean, and author, is a venerated figure in Cambridge and Harvard.

HAROLD NICOLSON (p. 211) has been constantly active in those diplomatic circles which revolve about the actual or implied presence of royalty. There is probably no man in Europe who has more habitually lunched, dined, traveled and talked with crowned heads of many countries. Entering the British foreign office in 1909, Mr. Nicolson was appointed successively to the British Embassies at Madrid and at Constantinople and, in 1919, attended the Peace Conference as a delegate from Great Britain. More recently he has served as Counsellor of His Majesty's Legation at Teheran, Persia, and — until a few months ago — was Secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin.

LYTLE BROWN (p. 214) has had a long and distinguished career as an army officer. He was also in charge of construction at Wilson Dam and Muscle Shoals, and now turns his attention to controlling the greatest river in the United States. He holds the Distinguished Service Medal, and has been decorated as Companion of the Bath (British) and as an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur (France).

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON (p. 217) describes himself thus: Ex-sailor, ex-college instructor (Columbia), ex-poetry editor "Contemporary Verse" and author of two volumes of poetry, "Children of Morningside," and "Buck Fever." He adds that he now believes that a mixture of free-lancing and poetry is the only life for a man of temper.

A. A. BRILL (p. 225), a noted psychiatrist now practising in New York, has been a member of psychoanalytic associations and has written extensively along Freudian lines.

NORMAN ANGELL (p. 228) is the editor of the British "Foreign Affairs." He is the author of "The Great Illusion," and is a Labor member of the British Parliament.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG (p. 239) is a Seattle resident, noted as student of civic and social problems and organizer of child welfare activities, who has spent much of her time in Russia during the past eight years.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 241) holds the Lampson Chair of English Literature at Yale University. He is perhaps the best-known literary critic in America. It is said of him that he can make a best-seller over-night by commending a book.

SINCLAIR LEWIS (p. 243), the famous novelist, was at one time a reporter, working for the New Haven "Journal and Courier," San Francisco "Bulletin," the "Associated Press," etc. Later he was successively connected, in editorial capacity, with "Transatlantic Tales," "Volta Review," Frederick A. Stokes Co., "Adventure," the Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate, and the George H. Doran Co. His reputation as a novelist is based on such international successes as "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," and "Elmer Gantry."

JOHN ERSKINE (p. 249) is the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and other best sellers. He is also actively interested in music, is a professor at Columbia University, and is the author of a long series of books dealing with literature and history.

RALPH THOMAS WALKER (p. 253) is a member of the architectural firm of Voorhees, Gmelin and Walker, architects for such notable buildings as the New York Telephone Building, Brooklyn Edison Office Building. During the War he served in the camouflage section of the engineers.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE (p. 256) is well known to magazine readers as an interpreter of the South. He writes frequently of its plantations and plantation negroes, and of its aspects of Nature.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD (p. 268) was for many years editor and owner of the New York "Evening Post." He is now editor and owner of the "Nation." He is a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist.

KIRBY PAGE (p. 271) was ordained into the ministry of the Disciples of Christ in 1915. He has done Y. M. C. A. work in France and the British Isles, and has traveled with Sherwood Eddy in evangelistic campaigns among students in America, China, Japan and Korea. Since 1926 he has been editor of "The World Tomorrow."

+ It occurred to Mr. Draper to subscribe to The Reader's Digest for all his employes who want it

Mr. Walter A. Draper is President of the Cincinnati Street Railway Company. Recently he fell into talk about good reading with an ambitious conductor on one of his cars. The conductor said passengers often gave him newspapers and magazines to read, and occasionally even novels, but he lamented that he couldn't keep up with all the good things published.

"I remembered a magazine which might just fit this conductor's need, as well as any other busy man's," writes Mr. Draper in the Cincinnati Street Railway *News* for May. "It occurred to me further that many of our men would be interested in having it.

"Consequently I am arranging that men in any operating department who send in their names will receive the next number of The Reader's Digest, and eleven more during the year.

"I hope those who receive the magazine with my compliments will enjoy it as much as I have been enjoying it."

+ It occurs to Us

that Mr. Draper's idea will stir the imagination of other executives, either now or when they are making Christmas plans.

May not this idea of offering complimentary subscriptions to The Reader's Digest play a welcome part in any corporation's program for promoting morale, encouraging ambition and rewarding loyal service?

Whatever his task, that worker performs it best whose sense of solidarity is stimulated by some cordial recognition that comes to him *outside* of his pay envelope. The Reader's Digest, provocative of informed and thoughtful alertness, should be a gift repaying the giver as well as gratifying the employes who receive it.

To Business Executives:

If you will write us on your business letterhead we will gladly quote special terms for employes' subscriptions in bulk.